

DESPERADO

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SEPTEMBER  
NO. 3

LAW  
AND ORDER  
IN THE  
WILD  
WEST

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

ALL  
TRUE  
WILD WEST  
STORIES

DON'T DO  
IT, BILLY! HE  
MIGHT BE HEARIN'  
EVERY WORD YOU  
SAY! HE AIN'T NO  
MORE ASLEEP  
THAN I AM!

I DON'T CARE IF HE IS OR  
HE AIN'T! ALL HIS KILLIN' IS AS  
MUCH OUR FAULT—THE WAY WE  
TAKE ALL HIS GUFF! WELL, I  
AIN'T TAKIN' IT NO MORE, SEE?  
HE'S SHOT HIS LAST MAN  
IN COLD BLOOD!

SO HE FINALLY GOT TO  
SLEEP, THE HYENA—HIM  
FLAUNTIN' OUR COWARDICE IN  
OUR FACES, DARIN' US TO DO  
SOMETHIN' ABOUT HIS BULLYIN'!  
I WOULDN'T SHOOT EVEN A  
SLEEPIN' LION, BUT HE'S  
DIFFERENT—GO AHEAD,  
REED, GIVE IT  
TO HIM!



CHARLES  
BIRO

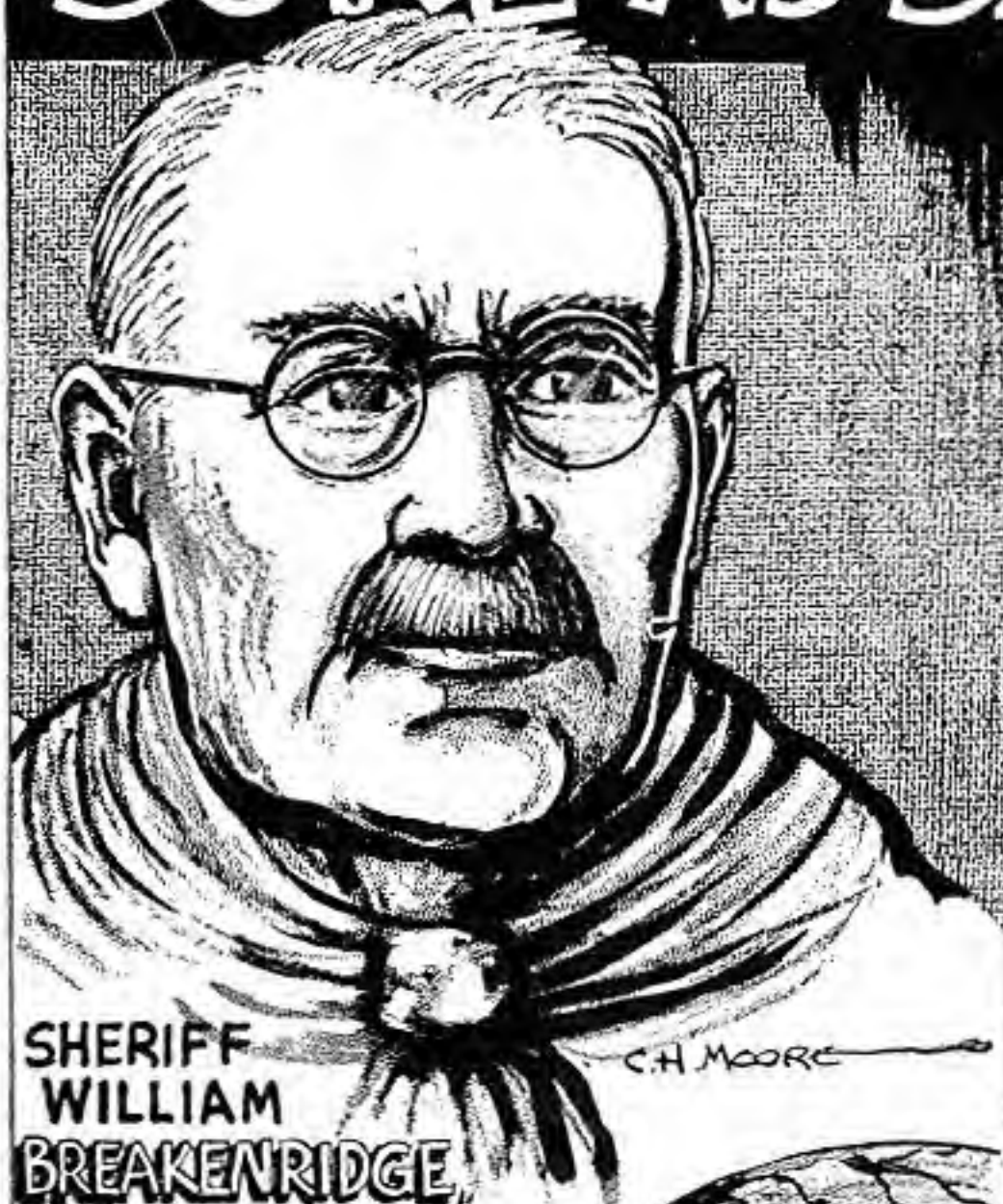


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# SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by  
CLAUDE  
MOORE



**SHERIFF  
WILLIAM  
BREAKENRIDGE**

Tombstone, Arizona,

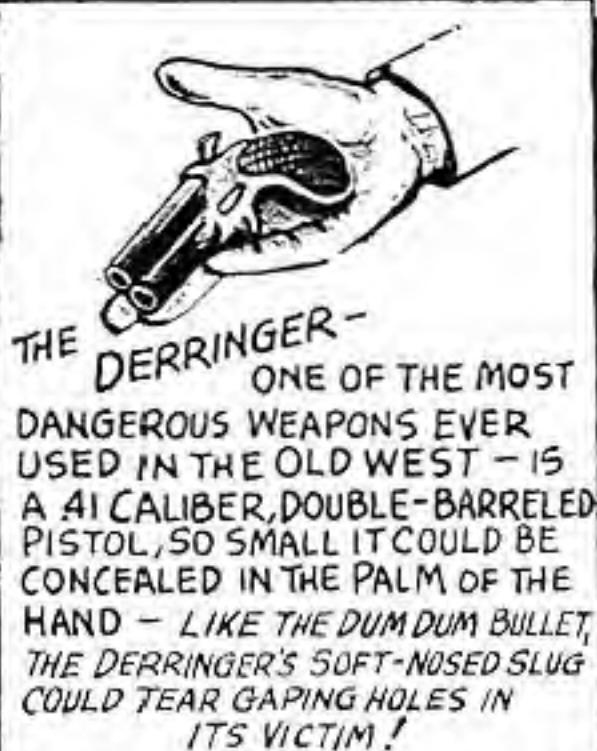
WAS SENT INTO THE HEART  
OF THE RUSTLER COUNTRY  
TO COLLECT TAXES —  
A JOB WHICH HAD BEEN  
THE DEATH OF ALL WHO  
TRIED BEFORE HIM —

THE SHERIFF PICKED  
OUT THE ROUGHEST AND  
TOUGHEST OUTLAW IN  
THE SECTION AND ASKED  
HIM TO HELP COLLECT  
THE TAXES — THE OUTLAW  
THOUGHT IT WAS SUCH  
A FUNNY JOKE TO BE ASKED  
TO HELP THE LAW COLLECT  
TAXES FROM THE RUSTLERS  
THAT HE CONSENTED —  
WITH THE OUTLAW'S AID,  
BREAKENRIDGE COLLECTED  
THE TAXES AND HAD A SAFE  
JOURNEY OUT OF THE REGION!



TESTIFYING TO THE CORRUPTION  
IN LARGE SECTIONS OF THE  
OLD WEST — ONE STORY:

ABOUT A JURY ON A MURDER TRIAL  
— THE JURY CAME IN WITH A VERDICT  
OF "NOT GUILTY" BUT THE JUDGE  
DIDN'T LIKE THE DECISION, SO HE  
SENT THE JURY OUT TO RECONSIDER  
— THEY RETURNED WITH A NEW  
VERDICT — "GUILTY"  
THE JUDGE SAID "THAT'S  
MORE LIKE IT, 'CAUSE WE HUNG  
THAT FELLOW THIS MORNIN'!"



THE DERRINGER —  
ONE OF THE MOST  
DANGEROUS WEAPONS EVER  
USED IN THE OLD WEST — IS  
A .41 CALIBER, DOUBLE-BARRELED  
PISTOL, SO SMALL IT COULD BE  
CONCEALED IN THE PALM OF THE  
HAND — LIKE THE DUM DUM BULLET,  
THE DERRINGER'S SOFT-NOSED SLUG  
COULD TEAR GAPING HOLES IN  
ITS VICTIM!

FROM  
ONE TOMBSTONE  
— TO ANOTHER!

THE FIRST MAN  
BURIED IN THE LAKE VALLEY, New Mexico,  
CEMETERY WAS A CATTLE RUSTLER  
FROM TOMBSTONE, Arizona!

**REWARD**  
\$2500

FOR THE CAPTURE  
OF BILL LONGLEY, ALIVE

**BILL LONGLEY,**

WAS WANTED IN WYOMING  
AS A MURDERER AND A  
\$2,500 REWARD WAS POSTED  
FOR HIS CAPTURE — ALIVE!  
HE HIRED 2 MEN TO HELP HIM  
WITH HIS NEXT JOB —  
THE HIRED MEN TIED LONGLEY  
UP AND TURNED HIM OVER  
TO THE SHERIFF FOR THE  
REWARD — AS SOON AS  
THEY GOT THE MONEY, THE  
2 MEN STUCK A GUN IN THE  
SHERIFF'S RIBS —  
RELEASED LONGLEY —  
PUT THE SHERIFF IN A  
CELL AND ESCAPED —  
JUST AS LONGLEY HAD  
PLANNED IT!  
HE CAPTURED HIMSELF,  
CLAIMED THE REWARD,  
AND ESCAPED WITH IT!

LONGLEY WAS  
HANGED WHEN  
CAUGHT IN 1877!

**SHERIFF  
SAWYER,**

Arizona,

WAS A BAD MAN  
FOR "BAD MEN"

SAWYER DIDN'T  
BELIEVE IN TAKING  
PRISONERS —

HIS LAW WAS THE GUN AND HIS JUSTICE WAS A DEAD CRIMINAL!



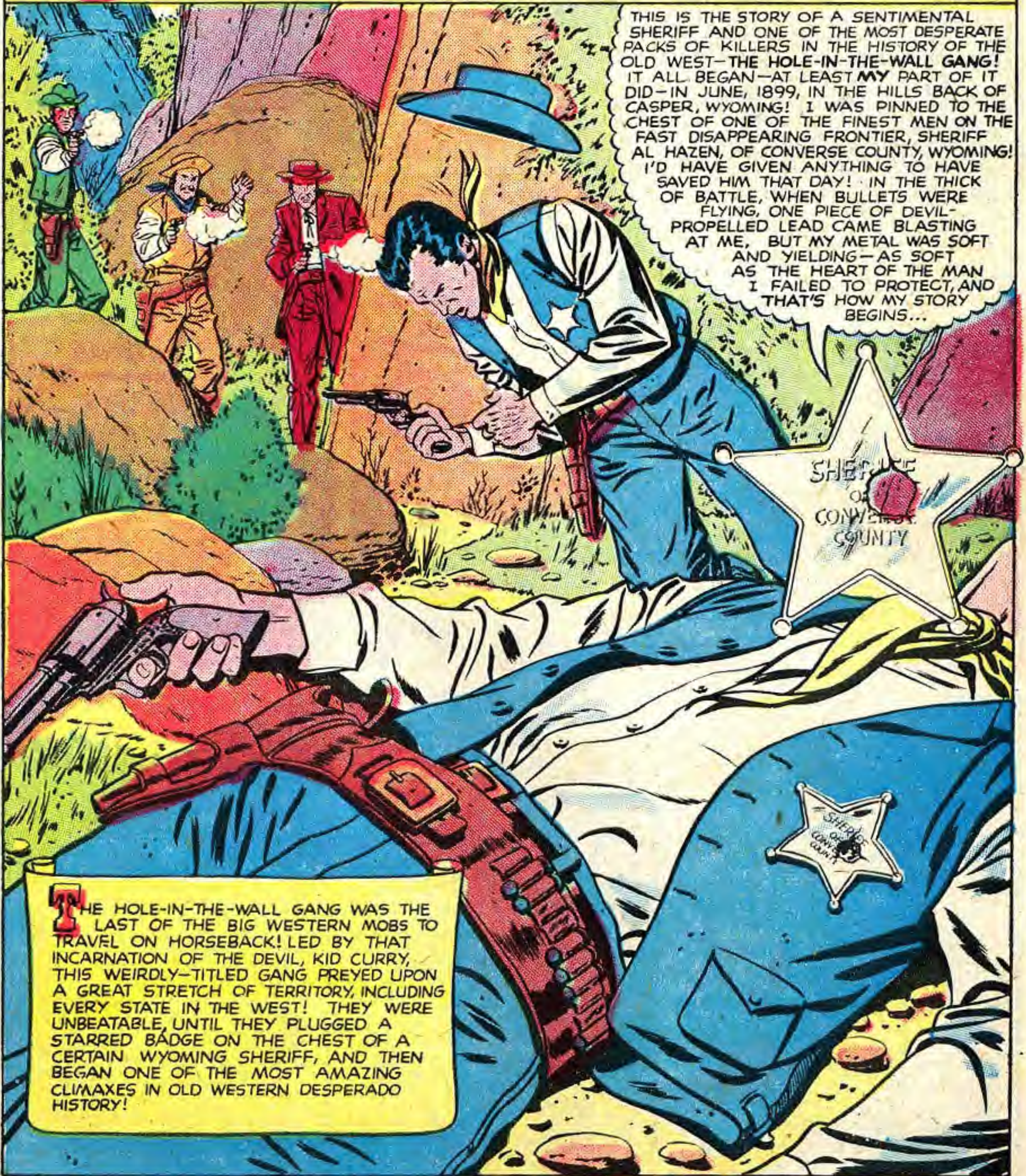


OBEDY THE LAW

# THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG

AND ITS LEADER

## 'KID' CURRY

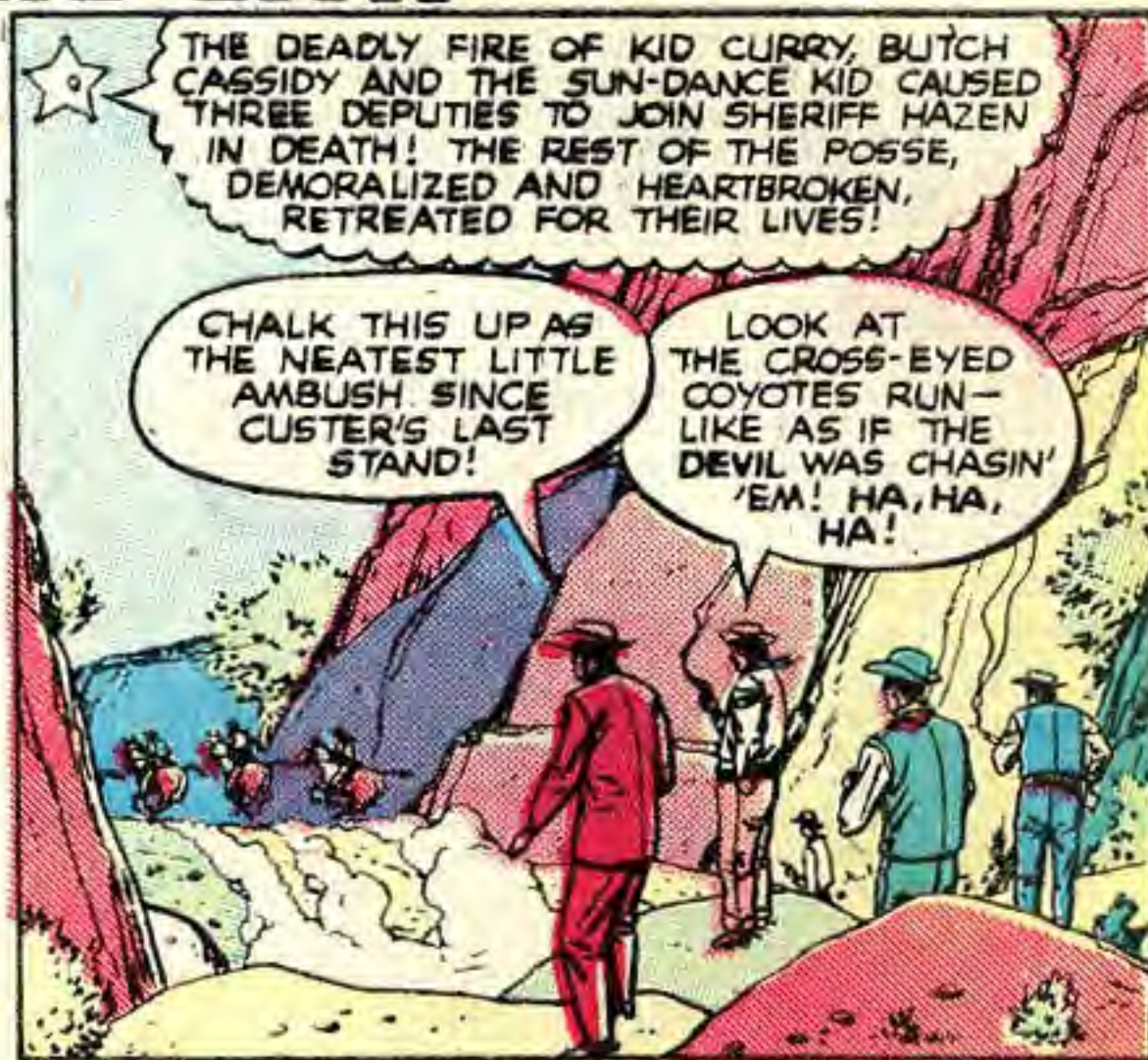


THIS IS THE STORY OF A SENTIMENTAL SHERIFF AND ONE OF THE MOST DESPERATE PACKS OF KILLERS IN THE HISTORY OF THE OLD WEST—THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG! IT ALL BEGAN—AT LEAST MY PART OF IT DID—IN JUNE, 1899, IN THE HILLS BACK OF CASPER, WYOMING! I WAS PINNED TO THE CHEST OF ONE OF THE FINEST MEN ON THE FAST DISAPPEARING FRONTIER, SHERIFF AL HAZEN, OF CONVERSE COUNTY, WYOMING! I'D HAVE GIVEN ANYTHING TO HAVE SAVED HIM THAT DAY! IN THE THICK OF BATTLE, WHEN BULLETS WERE FLYING, ONE PIECE OF DEVIL-PROPELLED LEAD CAME BLASTING AT ME, BUT MY METAL WAS SOFT AND YIELDING—AS SOFT AS THE HEART OF THE MAN I FAILED TO PROTECT, AND THAT'S HOW MY STORY BEGINS...

**T**HE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG WAS THE LAST OF THE BIG WESTERN MOBS TO TRAVEL ON HORSEBACK! LED BY THAT INCARNATION OF THE DEVIL, KID CURRY, THIS WEIRDLY-TITLED GANG PREYED UPON A GREAT STRETCH OF TERRITORY, INCLUDING EVERY STATE IN THE WEST! THEY WERE UNBEATABLE, UNTIL THEY PLUGGED A STARRED BADGE ON THE CHEST OF A CERTAIN WYOMING SHERIFF, AND THEN BEGAN ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING CLIMAXES IN OLD WESTERN DESPERADO HISTORY!



# OBEY THE LAW





# OBEDY THE LAW

SHERIFF, THIS MESSAGE JUST CAME IN! THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG PULLED A TRAIN ROBBERY AT WILCOX! THEY FIGURED YOU'D BE INTERESTED BECAUSE OF THE GOING-OVER THEY GAVE THE BANK HERE IN MONTPELIER LAST MONTH! THE WILCOX PEOPLE FIGURE THEY SURELY MUST BE HEADED THIS WAY, IF THEY'RE GOING BACK TO HOLE-IN-THE-WALL COUNTRY TO HIDE OUT!

I'D GIVE MY RIGHT EYE TO GET THOSE SKUNKS! THEY BLASTED BEN JAMIE'S SON IN THAT STICK-UP! RAISE THE BIGGEST POSSE YOU CAN, BILL, AND ARM 'EM TO THE TEETH!

GOOD WORK, BILL! THESE ARE AS FINE A BUNCH OF CITIZENS AS I'VE SEEN! OIL YOUR GUNS, MEN! THERE'S PLENTY OF SCORES TO SETTLE BEFORE THIS WEEK IS OUT!

WAIT A SECOND, SHERIFF! THIS PACKAGE CAME IN THIS MORNING! IT'S THAT NEW BADGE YOU ORDERED! THIS BEING AN EXTRA SPECIAL DAY, HOW ABOUT STARTING THINGS OFF NICE AND SHINY?

G'WAN, HAZEN. WEAR IT! GET RID OF THAT OLD DINKY HUNK OF TIN! LET THE NEW STAR SHINE OUT LIKE A STREAK OF GUNFIRE! IMPORTANT MEN LIKE YOU GOTTA LOOK THE PART!

THAT NEW ONE SURE DOES SHINE! HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THIS OLD PIECE OF JUNK, SHERIFF?

TWENTY YEARS—SO IF THIS ONE GIVES ME THE SAME SERVICE, I'LL BE RIGHT SATISFIED!

★ THAT'S HOW I CAME TO DECORATE THE CHEST OF AN IMPORTANT MAN ON THE TRAIL OF THE WORST GANG OF DESPERADOES IN WYOMING'S HISTORY!

THIS IS THE SHORTER TRAIL—IT LEADS INTO THE HILLS, SHERIFF! A HALF DAY'S RIDE AT THE MOST!

GOOD! LET'S TAKE IT! BUT DON'T PUSH YOUR HORSES TOO HARD!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN A ROUGH SPOT, KID! WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE HIDEOUT BEFORE THAT POSSE CATCHES UP WITH US! THEIR HORSES ARE FRESH, AND OURS ARE READY TO DROP! WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOMETHING ELSE!

I ALREADY DID, LONEY! THEY'LL BE EXPECTING US TO RUN! WELL, WE'RE IN A GOOD SETUP FOR AN AMBUSH RIGHT HERE! THEY'LL MEET A WALL OF SLUGS AS HIGH AS THESE HILLS!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! LET'S MAKE A CIRCLE AROUND THIS PASS!

★ WE RODE LIKE MAD THAT BOILING NOON, BUT IN HALF A MINUTE ALL WAS LOST!

IT'S AN AMBUSH! GET DOWN OFF YOUR HORSES! TAKE COVER!

YUHH!

★ THE LEAD WAS FLYING THICK AND FAST! I SAW A SLUG COMING, UGLY-SNOUTED, WITH A HORRIBLE WHINE TO ITS COURSE! I BRACED MYSELF, CONFIDENT OF STOPPING IT!

★ IT HIT—AND WENT THROUGH! HAZEN'S DEATH CRY STILL RINGS IN MY MEMORY!

YIEEE!

PING!

★ THE REST YOU KNOW! HOW THE AMBUSH BECAME A ROUT...HOW THE VULTURES CAME DOWN...HOW NIGHT SETTLED ON THAT PLACE OF TRAGEDY AND DEATH!



# OBEDY THE LAW

TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS PASSED—THEN, ABOUT NOON OF ANOTHER BLAZING HOT DAY, THREE MEN RODE UP! ONE OF THEM WAS SHERIFF NEWTON OF NEARBY PRESTON! HE WAS SHERIFF HAZEN'S BEST FRIEND!

SURE AS MY NAME IS NEWTON, I TAKE A SOLEMN OATH TO GET THE RATS! NOT ONLY THAT—THIS PLUGGED BADGE WILL BE A REMINDER OF WHAT HAPPENED, UNTIL THEY'RE CAUGHT OR DEAD!

THE GRAVE'S DUG, SHERIFF!

I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S SO SMART WEARIN' THAT BADGE, SHERIFF! IT DIDN'T DO HAZEN ANY GOOD! THAT HOLE IN IT WOULD MAKE ME MIGHTY UNCOMFORTABLE!

NONSENSE! I DON'T BELIEVE IN JINXES—SOMEBODY HAD GOOD AIM—THAT'S ALL! SOME DAY THOSE SKUNKS WILL COME OUT OF HIDING, AND THAT'LL BE THE DAY, BADGE, OR NO BADGE!

BEFORE YOU GO, AL, WHO'S THIS KID CURRY THAT LEADS THEIR GANG? WHERE DOES HE STEM FROM?

FROM MONTANA! HE LOAFED, GAMBLLED, AND KNIFED HIS WAY THROUGH THE MINING TOWNS—KILLED A MAN IN BUTTE THREE YEARS AGO, AND TOOK TO THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL COUNTRY ON THE WYOMING BORDER TO DITCH A NECKTIE PARTY! TWO OF HIS BROTHERS, JOHNNY AND LONEY, MET HIM THERE—ALSO A COUPLE OF RATS, BUTCH CASSIDY AND HARRY LONGABOUT, BETTER KNOWN AS THE SUN-DANCE KID!

THEY'VE WORKED TOGETHER EVER SINCE—BANK ROBBERIES MOSTLY, LIKE AT BELLE FOURCHE IN SOUTH DAKOTA, AND IN MONTEPELIER! MONTEPELIER'S WHERE CURRY SHOT BEN JAMIE'S SON IN THE BACK! THE LAD DIDN'T FALL ON HIS FACE QUICK ENOUGH WHEN THEY TOLD HIM TO, SO THEY KILLED HIM!

AN' THAT'S WHY HAZEN HAD IT IN FOR KID CURRY'S GANG! BEN JAMIE, WHO IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK, WAS HAZEN'S BEST FRIEND! THEN THEY FOUND A NEW WRINKLE, TRAIN ROBBERY! THAT GANG IS BEGINNING TO FEEL ITS OATS, SHERIFF! THEY'LL BE HARD TO CRACK!

SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL MAKE A MISTAKE! THEY'LL GET WEARY OF THE MOUNTAINS AND COME DOWN FULL OF DEVILTRY! THEN, WE'LL GET 'EM—WE'LL GET 'EM DEAD!

THIS IS THE LIFE! EATIN', SLEEPIN', PLAYIN' CARDS, AN' COUNTIN' OUR DOUGH—WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

YOU CAN LEAD THIS SWEET LIFE IF YOU WANNA! I'M FED UP WITH IT—FED UP TO THE TEETH! IF I SEE ANOTHER JACK OF DIAMONDS, I'LL SHOVE IT DOWN SOMEBODY'S THROAT!

HOLD IT, KID! BUTCH IS COMIN' BACK FROM THE VILLAGE!

I GOT A LOAD OF PROVISIONS AN' THE LATEST EDITION OF WANTED POSTERS! WELL, KID, YOU COP THE GLORY, AS USUAL! YOUR HEAD MUST HAVE HAD A MOTHER VEIN OF GOLD IN IT! THEY'RE OFFERIN' \$5,000 FOR IT NOW!

LET'S SEE!

WANTED! FOR MURDER—DEAD OR ALIVE "KID CURRY" \$5,000

THE CHEAP YOKELS! I'LL MAKE 'EM OFFER TWICE THAT MUCH! WE'RE CLEARING OUT TOMORROW! SIX MONTHS REST IS ENOUGH! YOU'D THINK YOU WERE A PACK OF SNIVELING INVALIDS THE WAY YOU LAZE AROUND!

YOU DON'T HEAR ME COMPLAININ'! LET'S GO!

OR ME! I'M READY FOR ACTION!

AUGUST, 1900, FOUND THE MARAUDERS NEAR THE TRACKS OF THE UNION PACIFIC-LINE NEAR TIPTON, WYOMING!

DID YOU FIND OUT HOW MANY GUARDS ARE ON THE TRAIN, KID?

NO, I DIDN'T! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? WE CAN HANDLE 'EM! HERE IT COMES—HURRY WITH THAT DYNAMITE!



# OBEDY THE LAW





# OBEDY THE LAW

EVERY TOWN IN THE WEST WAS ALERTED, INCLUDING PRESTON IDAHO, WHERE SHERIFF NEWTON PAID CLOSE HEED TO THE TELEGRAPHER'S KEY!

WHAT'S THE LATEST ON CURRY?

THEY JUST STUCK UP THE BANK AT TUSKARORA! HE'LL TURN NORTH YET—AND WHEN HE DOES, YOUR YEAR'S WAITING WILL PAY OFF!

CLICK  
CLICK  
CLICK

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE LITTLE LADY GOT HERSELF MARRIED TO SOME GUY IN SACRAMENTO! WE CAME TO WINNEMUCCA FOR NOTHIN'!

NOPE! I THINK I'LL GET THIS BUCK CASHED INTO PENNIES!

THAT DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT, BUTCH! IF YOU WERE EXPECTING TO FIND YOUR GAL, WINNEMUCCA HANDED YOU A RAW DEAL, BUT IF WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE WINNEMUCCA SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK—THIS TRIP DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A TOTAL LOSS, DOES IT, BOYS?

I CAN'T CHANGE THIS BILL—IT'S CONFEDERATE MONEY!

HEAR THAT, KID? THEY ONLY TAKE GOOD DOUGH HERE!

I DON'T BLAME HIM—SO DO WE! UP WITH YOUR HANDS—ALL OF YOU!

HOW MUCH, LONEY?

UPWARDS OF \$10,000! LOOK, KID, ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME WE HEADED BACK FOR WYOMING? THEY MADE NEARLY EVERY GUY OUT HERE A DEPUTY! AN' THEY'RE ALL HUNTING OUR HEADS!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, LONEY! I DON'T WANT TO STRETCH OUR LUCK TOO FAR! PULL UP—I JUST GOT AN IDEA!

WE'LL SPLIT UP INTO TWO GROUPS! BUTCH, YOU TAKE FOUR MEN AND GO HOME THROUGH UTAH! I'LL TAKE LONEY, BEN, JOHNNY AND DIXIE THROUGH MONTANA! TEN MEN ON HORSES ATTRACT TOO MUCH ATTENTION THESE DAYS—ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY AREN'T COW-PUNCHING!

JUST KEEP DODGING THEM BULLETS, KID! WE'LL BE SEEIN' YOU IN TWO MONTHS!

IT WAS OVER A YEAR BEFORE THE GANG WAS DESTINED TO MEET! THE MOMENT NEWTON HEARD THAT CURRY WAS HEADED NORTH, HE SENT OUT SEVERAL FORCES! HE FIGURED THAT CURRY WAS BOUND TO BRUSH UP AGAINST ONE PATROL, WHICH HE DID, JUST SOUTH OF PRESTON!

THERE'S ONLY TWO OF THEM, KID! WE CAN RUSH 'EM EASY! LET'S PICK 'EM OFF!

SURE—AND GIVE 'EM ENOUGH TIME TO BRING THE MAIN POSSE DOWN ON OUR NECKS! FORGET 'EM—LET 'EM SEE OUR DUST!

SHERIFF NEWTON SAW DUST FOR ALMOST A THOUSAND MILES—STRAIGHT INTO THE TOWN OF WAGNER, MONTANA... THAT'S WHERE CURRY'S TRAIL STOPPED!

THEY'RE HERE, AND ONE THING IS SURE, SHERIFF! IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT TOWN YET, SOMETHING IS KEEPING THEM HERE!

CURRY IS TOO SMART TO SIT AND WAIT FOR ME TO TAP HIM ON THE SHOULDER! HE'S HERE BECAUSE HE CAN'T HELP IT! ASK AROUND TOWN ABOUT STRANGERS!

OUR BIG MISTAKE WAS IN SWIMMING THAT STREAM! WE COULD'VE CUT ACROSS THE HILLS AN' JOHNNY AN' LONEY WOULDN'T HAVE COME DOWN WITH PNEUMONIA—AN' WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE STUCK HERE, WAITING FOR THAT SHERIFF TO FLING A NOOSE OVER OUR HEADS!

COUGH! GO AHEAD WITHOUT US, KID! I DON'T BLAME BEN FOR GRIPING! NO SENSE IN ALL OF YOU SUFFERING FOR OUR TOUGH LUCK!

NO DICE, LONEY! I'M NOT CHUCKING MY TWO BROTHERS TO THAT LEECH! WE'LL PULL OUT TOGETHER, OR NOT AT ALL! YOU BOYS STAY PUT HERE! I'M GOING OUT WITH DIXIE AND BEN! I'LL THINK OF A WAY OUT!



# OBEY THE LAW

BUT THIS STREET TAKES US OUT OF TOWN, KID—TOWARD THE RAILROAD! I THOUGHT WE WERE STICKIN' IT OUT WITH LONEY AN' JOHNNY?

DON'T BE A FOOL! EVEN IF THEY WERE MY REAL BROTHERS, INSTEAD OF MY HALF BROTHERS, I WOULDN'T GET MYSELF KILLED ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR TOUGH LUCK! THEY'RE DONE FOR—BOTH OF THEM! I FIGURED I'D TELL 'EM SOMETHING NICE TO MAKE 'EM STAY PUT, WHILE I MAKE GOOD USE OUT OF 'EM!

THIS IS A MIGHTY INTERESTING SCHEDULE! IT SAYS HERE THE GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS WILL STOP FOR MAIL AT 9:30—THAT'S AN HOUR FROM NOW AN' FITS IN PERFECT WITH OUR PLANS! RIGHT, DIXIE?

YOU MEN HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE IN HERE! GET OUT BEFORE I..

THEY'RE ALWAYS INSISTING ON THEIR RIGHTS, THESE SQUARE JOHNS!

WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH, DIXIE, SIT DOWN AT THE KEY AN' TAKE A MESSAGE TO THAT SHERIFF WHO'S DOGGING US! YOU KNOW HOW TO WORK THAT TELEFANGLE—DON'T YA?

BANG! BANG!

I AIN'T TOO GOOD AT IT, BUT I'LL TRY! "ATTENTION SHERIFF STOP FIND CURRY GANG AT GRANGER HOUSE STOP HAPPY HUNTING STOP A FRIEND!" IS THAT RIGHT, KID?

COULDN'T BE RIGHTER! WHILE OUR SHADOWS ARE BUSY MOPPING UP LONEY AND JOHNNY, WE'LL HAVE A PICNIC WITH THAT 9:30 EXPRESS!

CLICK! CLICK!

THIS TELEGRAM SAYS 'THE GRANGER HOUSE'—IS THAT THE LAST ONE UP THE BLOCK? GRANGER HAS A SHADY REPUTATION, I HEAR! SO IT ISN'T UNLIKELY YOU'LL FIND SOMEBODY THERE! JUST BE CAREFUL!

AREN'T YOU COMING ALONG, SHERIFF?

NO! THE SHERIFF THINKS THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT TELEGRAM! IT'S EITHER A DECOY OR A DOUBLE-CROSS! ANY PROFESSIONAL INFORMER WOULD WANT TO BEAT US TO THE \$20,000 ON CURRY'S HEAD!

THE SPARK IN TOWN WHO TOOK THE MESSAGE SAID IT SOUNDED VERY AMATEURISH! TOO MANY MISTAKES, HE SAID! BESIDES, THE STATION WHERE THE MESSAGE CAME FROM DOESN'T ANSWER NOW—WHICH IS VERY FUNNY!

ANYWAY, I'M GOING THERE TO CHECK ON IT! YOU FELLOWS HAVE YOURSELVES A PARTY, AND DON'T HESITATE TO SHOOT! THAT GANG'S AS DEADLY AS RATTLESNAKES!

KID—IS THAT YOU? HOW COME YOU'RE BACK SO SOON?

I GOT A TELEGRAM!

L..LONEY! GASP! THAT'S NOT THE KID! IT AIN'T BEN OR DIXIE, EITHER! IT'S NOT THEIR VOICES!

YOU SURE ARE DUMB—PULLING A GUN WHEN YOU'RE COVERED FROM HEAD TO TOE!

NOT ME! D..DON'T SHOOT! LOOK—I DIDN'T DRAW!

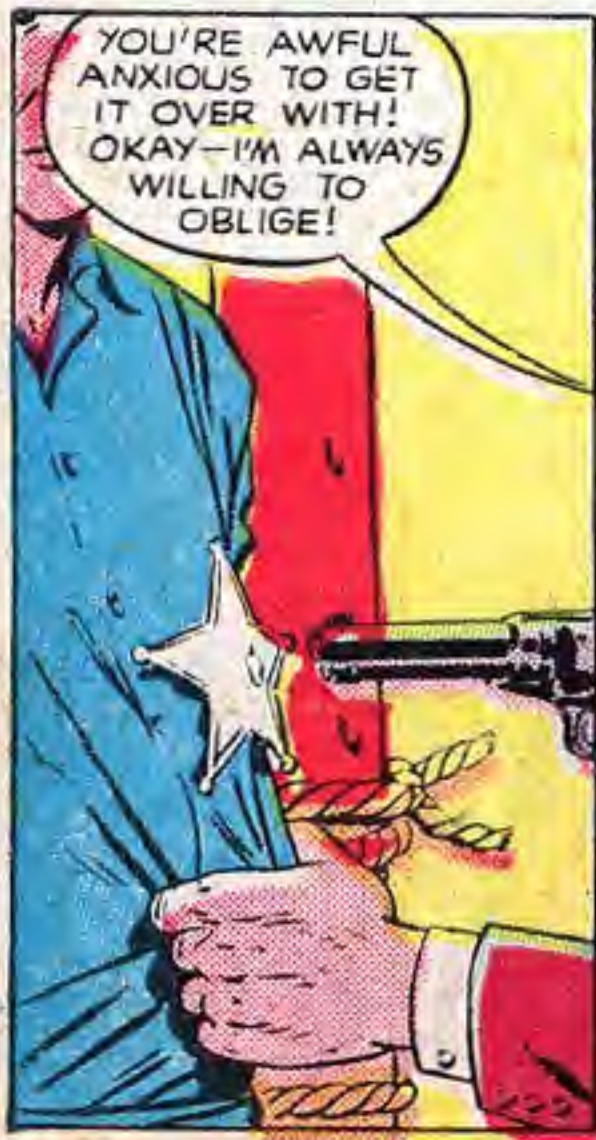
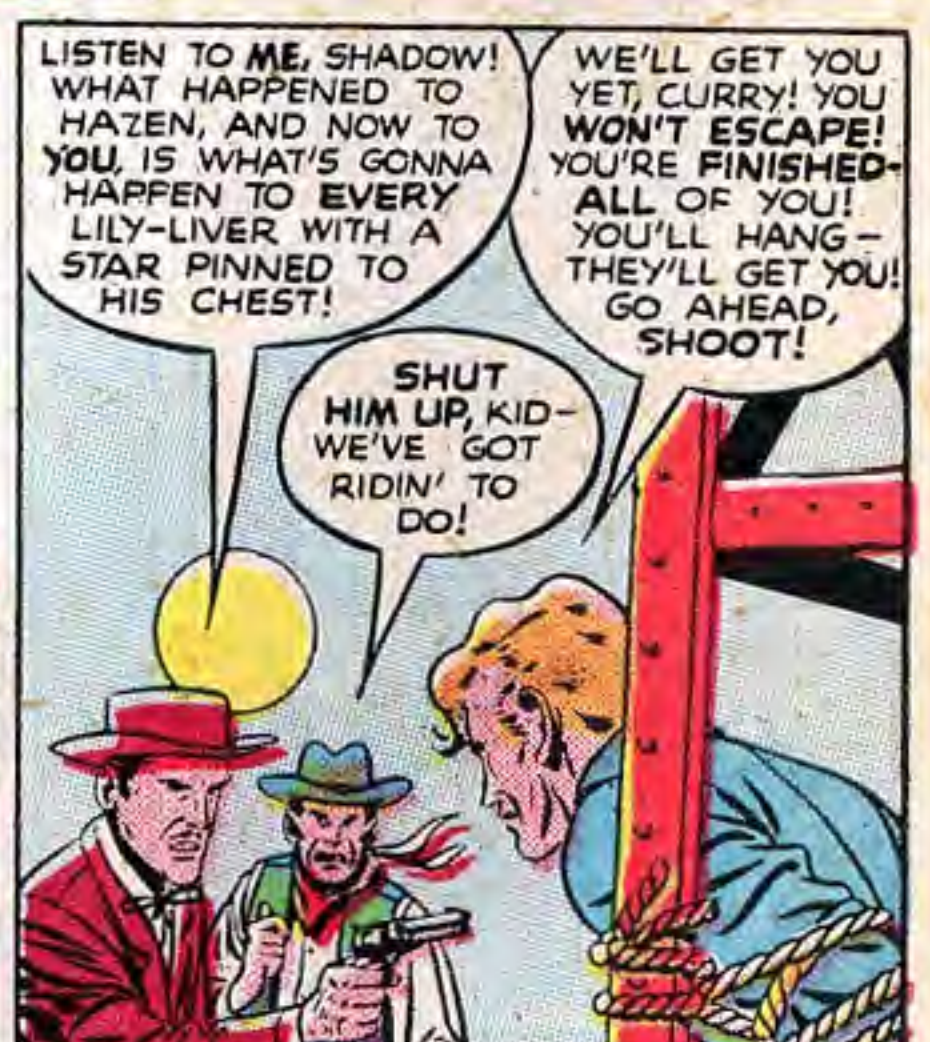
HEY, YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN! WHAT'RE YOU STOPPING FOR, DIXIE?

LOOK—DOWN AT THE STATION! THEM TWO GUYS JUST RODE UP! ONE OF THEM IS BANGING ON THE TELEGRAPH ROOM DOOR!

THEY'LL FIND A DEAD CLERK—WHAT OF IT?



# OBEDY THE LAW





# OBEY THE LAW

I'M GOING TO MELT IT DOWN AND MAKE BULLETS—TWO OF THEM! THEN I'LL KEEP THEM IN MY LEFT COLT, WHERE THEY WON'T BE FIRED TILL I'VE GOT CURRY COLD IN MY SIGHTS!

IF THOSE BULLETS RUN TRUE TO FORM, THEY'LL BLAST YOUR ARM OFF WHEN YOU PULL THE TRIGGER! DON'T DO IT!

SHERMAN POURED ME INTO TWO BULLET MOLDS! WHEN I COOLED, HE SCRATCHED 'NEWTON' ON ONE BULLET, AND 'HAZEN' ON THE OTHER—INTO SHERMAN'S LEFT GUN I WENT! FOUR OTHER CHAMBERS WERE EMPTY! I KNEW MY MISSION WAS ASSIGNED TO NO OTHER BULLET BUT ME!

AS IF BY MAGIC, EVERYTHING SEEMED TO GO RIGHT! LONEY LOGAN TALKED ON HIS DEATHBED BEFORE HE PASSED INTO THE PNEUMONIA CRISIS FROM WHICH HE NEVER RECOVERED!

I..I'VE TOLD Y..YOU EVERY PLACE THE G..GANG HANGS OUT—AND H..HOW..GASP! THEY G..GET THERE.. PROMISE ME ONE THING, SHERIFF—GET THEM! G..GET THEM GOOD—THE DOUBLE-CROSSING R..RATS!

I'LL GET 'EM, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL YOU KNOW!

THIS TIME WE HAD THE GANG ON THE RUN—"DOC" SEALED OFF THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL COUNTRY! DIXIE LADE DIED TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH THAT BLOCKADE! NOT ONCE DID SHERMAN TAKE ME FROM HIS HOLSTER, FOR LADE WAS NOT MY TARGET!

ONE DOWN, DOC!

YES, BUT NOT THE IMPORTANT ONE! I WANT CURRY!

BEN KILPATRICK WAS SHOT DEAD ON THE STREETS OF ST. LOUIS ON NOVEMBER 5TH, 1901! HE AND KID CURRY HAD BEEN HERDED TOWARD THE SOUTH LIKE CATTLE TOWARD A SLAUGHTER PEN! BEN AND THE KID NEVER MET—SHERMAN'S RIGHT GUN DID THE KILPATRICK SLAUGHTERING WHILE I BID MY TIME!

HERE'S A TICKET TO KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE KILPATRICK HAD ON HIM! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO JOIN CURRY?

WHY ELSE SHOULD HE GO THERE? ALL OF KILPATRICK'S KIN LIVE IN MONTANA!

THEN IT HAPPENED—ON A LEAD FROM A BARTENDER, WE TRAPPED CURRY IN A ROOMING HOUSE IN DOWNTOWN KNOXVILLE! I FELT SURE MY HOUR HAD STRUCK, BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE! CURRY CAME OUT WAVING A WHITE FLAG!

I'M SORRY YOU DID THAT, CURRY!

I KNOW—YOU'D RATHER SEE ME WRAPPED IN A SHEET THAN WAVING ONE! YOU'LL WAIT A LONG TIME, FOR THAT, SHERMAN!

HAD CURRY BEEN KILLED, INSTEAD OF CAPTURED, MANY INNOCENT LIVES WOULD HAVE BEEN SPARED! FOR, ALTHOUGH HARVEY LOGAN, ALIAS KID CURRY, WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH, THE LAW HAD NOT RECKONED WITH HIS AMAZING CUNNING!

THIS SILVER WIRE WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT NOOSE FOR SOME JAILOR!

THANKS FOR THE CANDY, PAL! I NEVER KNEW GUYS LIKE YOU CAME WITH A HEART! DON'T THINK I'LL FORGET IT, EITHER! BEFORE THEY TRANSFER ME TO THE STATE PEN, I'LL TELL YOU WHERE I BURIED \$100,000!

Y..YOU WILL?

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, CURRY HARPED AWAY ON THE TREASURE BURIED IN THE MONTANA HILLS—THE YOUNGSTER FELL FOR IT!

WAIT AND SEE, PAL! THE NIGHT BEFORE THEY TAKE ME AWAY, I'LL DRAW YOU A MAP OF THE HIDING PLACE...

KINDNESS LIKE YOURS CAN'T GO UNREWARDED! TOMORROW NIGHT YOU GET THE MAP!

G..GOSH!



# OBEY THE LAW



TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, PAL—COME CLOSER—I WANT TO EXPLAIN THIS MAP! ONCE YOU UNDERSTAND IT, GETTING THE MONEY WILL BE LIKE PICKIN' POTATOES!

\$100,000? GULP! MOST PEOPLE HAVE YOU WRONG, CURRY—UNDERNEATH YOU'RE A VERY DECENT FELLOW—VERY!

SURE—THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL TELL ME! THERE NEVER WAS A SOFTER HEART—THAT'S WHY I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU SUFFER ON THIS EARTH ANY LONGER!

I HOPE THE KEYS ARE IN HIS HIP POCKET, WHERE THEY WERE YESTERDAY!



IN A FEW MINUTES, CURRY HAD THE DEAD MAN'S KEYS, GUN AND CLOTHING! HE WASN'T CHALLENGED ON HIS WAY OUT!

GOING OUT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR, EH, SMITTY? I DON'T BLAME YOU! IT'S AWFUL STUFFY TONIGHT! GET ME A PACK OF SWEET CAPORALS WHILE YOU'RE OUT!

UH-HUH!



HE BOUGHT SOME NEW CLOTHES, AND THEN HOPPED A FREIGHT! ALONG THE WAY, HE ROBBED EVERYONE—EVEN A LUCKLESS BUM—MAKING HIS WAY BACK TO THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL COUNTRY BY STEALTH AND BY NIGHT! FOR THE WEST CRAWLED WITH PATROLS THIRSTING TO KILL OR CAPTURE KID CURRY — THE LAST OF THE DESPERADOES AND THE WORST!

STOP YELLIN'! YOU'D THINK YOUR LIFE WAS WORTH MORE THAN TEN DOLLARS! SHUT UP! ALL RIGHT—NOW YOU CAN YELL ALL YOU WANT!

HIS TRAIL PETERS OUT HERE—NEAR THE CREEK!

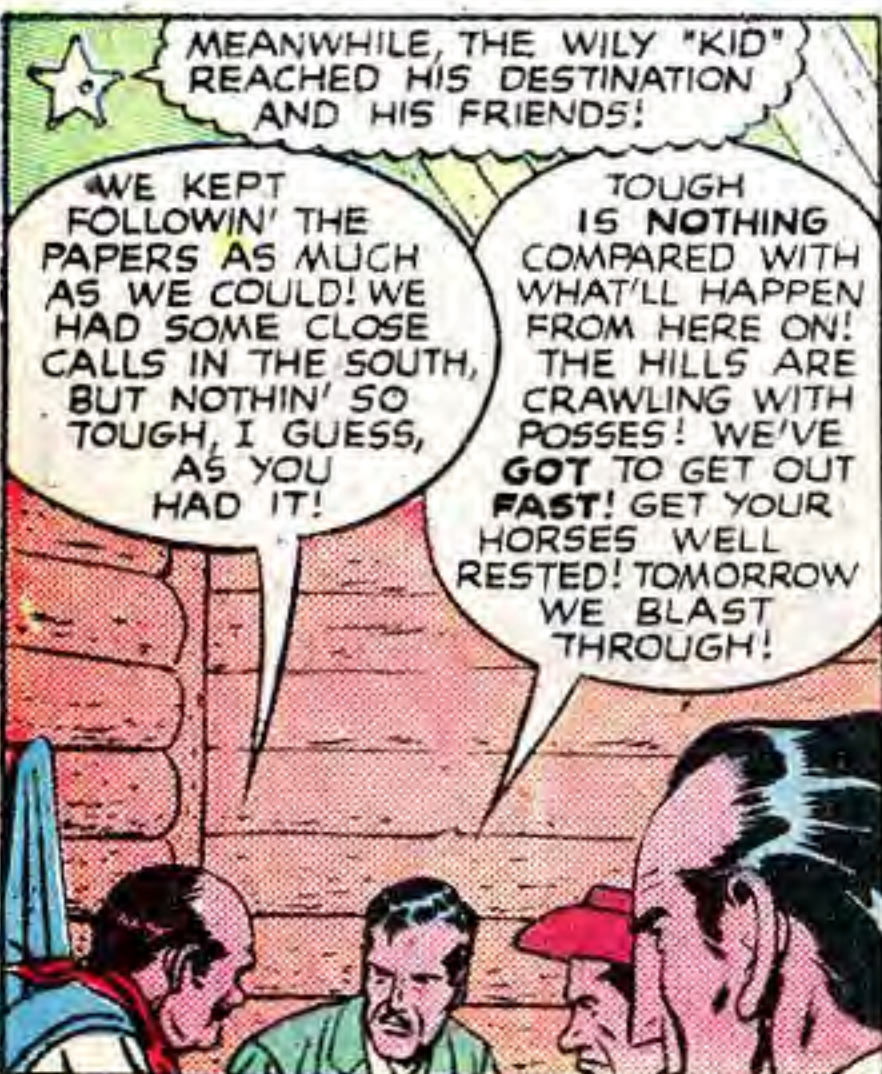
THERE'S A POSSE WHEREVER I LOOK—DAY OR NIGHT! NOW I KNOW WHAT MY GOOD FRIEND, "DOC" SHERMAN IS UP TO THESE DAYS!



CURRY KNEW SHERMAN AS WELL AS I DID! HE DIDN'T HAVE TO WONDER WHAT HE WAS UP TO!

THE WAY YOU KEEP FIDDLING WITH THAT LEFT COLT OF YOURS, DOC, YOU WOULDN'T THINK YOU HAD A RIGHT ONE!

I WON'T USE THE RIGHT ONE, LUKE—NOT FOR KID CURRY! GET SOME SLEEP! WE'LL BE DEEP IN HOLE-IN-THE-WALL COUNTRY TOMORROW—NEXT TO A LOT OF LUCK, WE'LL NEED REST!



MEANWHILE, THE WILY "KID" REACHED HIS DESTINATION AND HIS FRIENDS!

WE KEPT FOLLOWIN' THE PAPERS AS MUCH AS WE COULD! WE HAD SOME CLOSE CALLS IN THE SOUTH, BUT NOTHIN' SO TOUGH, I GUESS, AS YOU HAD IT!

TOUGH IS NOTHING COMPARED WITH WHAT'LL HAPPEN FROM HERE ON! THE HILLS ARE CRAWLING WITH POSSES! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT FAST! GET YOUR HORSES WELL RESTED! TOMORROW WE BLAST THROUGH!



THEY GOT OUT, BUT NOT UNSCATHED! THEY LEFT THE SUN-DANCE KID BEHIND AS A SOUVENIR OF "DOC" SHERMAN'S MARKSMANSHIP!

ALWAYS THE WRONG ONE, LUKE—WHY? WHAT'S THIS AMAZING LUCK THAT PROTECTS CURRY LIKE SIX-INCH ARMOR?

HE'S A FOXY ONE, ALL RIGHT! CURRY USED HIS PAL, LONGBAUGH, AS A DECOY, AND LONGBAUGH GOT IT WHILE CURRY ESCAPED! HIS "LUCK" WILL HOLD OUT AS LONG AS HIS SUCKERS HOLD OUT!



RUN FOR IT! IT'S THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG!

SHERMAN AND HIS POSSES HAVE TRACKED US FOR 2,000 MILES AND STILL THEY CAN'T GET US!

I KNOW WHY, KID—THEY'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK!



# OBEY THE LAW

★ CURRY THEREAFTER LEFT A NOTE PINNED TO EVERY VICTIM ADDRESSED TO SHERIFF "DOC" SHERMAN!

"SHERMAN—THEY SAY YOU'VE GOT HAZEN'S OLD BADGE MELTED DOWN INTO BULLETS YOU'RE SAVING FOR ME! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS STIFF—BADGE OR NO BADGE, BULLETS OR NO BULLETS, THIS IS WHAT I'M SAVING FOR YOU, IF YOU DON'T STOP HOUNDING ME. — CURRY"

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO DRAW CURRY IN! OUR DEPUTIES ARE GOING TO RIDE EVERY TRAIN ON THIS LINE—WITH A STABLE OF HORSES READY IN THE REAR CAR! SOONER OR LATER, CURRY WILL BITE, AND WHAT HE'LL CHEW WILL RUIN HIS APPETITE—FOR GOOD!

★ SHERMAN'S PLAN WAS PUT TO WORK! WEEKS PASSED, AND NOTHING HAPPENED! THEN, AT PARACHUTE, COLORADO, JUNE 7TH, 1904...

THERE SHE IS, CURRY! IT'S A SLOW ONE, TOO!

NOT A SIGN OF A GUARD ON HER! THIS SHOULD BE THE EASIEST YET! COME ON—WE'LL STOP IT ON THE BEND!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU IT WOULD BE EASY? A COUPLE OF SLUGS IN THE BOILER DID IT—THEY'RE STOPPING!

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! I CAN EVEN RECOGNIZE CURRY'S VOICE YELLING SOMETHING! GET THOSE HORSES OUT THE SECOND SHE STOPS!

IT'S SHERMAN!

THAT'S CURRY ON TOP OF THE COAL PILE! LEAVE HIM TO ME!

YOU BET, "DOC"! I SEE YOU'VE GOT THAT LEFT COLT READY!

SHERMAN! THIS IS THE CHANCE I BEEN WAITING FOR, TOO!

THESE BULLETS WANT ME TO TAKE CAREFUL AIM, KID! YOU'RE TOO NERVOUS TO HIT ME AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU'RE DEAD IN MY SIGHTS!...

..AND DEAD ON YOUR FEET! ARE YOU WATCHIN', HAZEN? NEWTON? HERE'S REVENGE AT LAST! FLY STRAIGHT!

I DID! STRAIGHT FOR CURRY'S EVIL HEART I SPED—NO STEEL TO STOP ME!

DEAD AS A COFFIN NAIL!

CASSIDY AND SLIM GASSNER ARE BELLY UP, TOO! WE GOT HOYT ALIVE! HE PREFERS THE NECKTIE!

THIS IS WHAT I DREAMED ABOUT FOR FOUR YEARS! THE FINISH OF THE HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG!

EEEE!!

HERE ARE THE TWO BULLETS YOU WANTED, BLUNTED A BIT, OF COURSE! THEY STOPPED A HARD HEART! BUT TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THEM?

MELT 'EM DOWN AND MAKE ANOTHER STAR BADGE! EVERYTHING IN LIFE DESERVES ANOTHER CHANCE—EXCEPT A KILLER!

SO THAT'S MY STORY—BORN, DIED, AND REBORN—THE STORY OF A PLUGGED, DISHONORED BADGE THAT BECAME TWO BULLETS TO REGAIN ITS HONOR THANKS TO A MAN WHO NEVER LOST HIS!

SHERIFF  
BILL "DOC" SHERMAN  
CASPER, WYOMING

THE END



**OBEY THE LAW**

# SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by  
**CLAUDE MOORE**



**JOHN SELMAN** SHOT **WES HARDIN**  
IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD!  
AT HIS TRIAL, SELMAN SAID HE WAS **NO COWARD**—  
HE SHOT HARDIN IN THE BACK, BUT HE WAS  
LOOKIN' HIM RIGHT IN THE EYES!  
(IN THE MIRROR)



A  
MAN  
NAMED  
**BASS**  
**OUTLAW.**  
WAS A TEXAS **SHERIFF!**



**GERONIMO!**

BATTLE CRY OF THE  
FIGHTING FORCES IN  
WORLD WAR II

WAS THE REAL NAME  
OF AN APACHE INDIAN  
CHIEF IN THE 1880'S

A REAL TROUBLE-MAKER,  
GERONIMO LED HIS RAIDERS  
INTO MEXICO VERY FREQUENTLY  
TO STEAL MEXICAN HORSES!

HE WAS FINALLY CAPTURED AND  
IMPRISONED ON A RESERVATION!

THEY WERE  
REALLY TOUGH  
IN THE OLD DAYS—

"BAD MAN" SAWYER  
RESISTED ARREST  
BY SHERIFF BLACK  
IN Frio Cañon, Mexico!

HE  
CONTINUED  
TO FIGHT  
EVEN AFTER  
HE HAD BEEN SHOT 13 TIMES!  
THE SHERIFF FINALLY KNOCKED HIM OUT!



IN THE CALIFORNIA  
GOLD MINING TOWNS  
DRINKS WERE PAID  
FOR WITH GOLD DUST—  
IT WAS THE CUSTOM  
FOR THE BARTENDER  
TO REACH INTO THE  
MINER'S POUCH  
AND TAKE  
A PINCH  
OF GOLD  
DUST  
FOR  
EACH  
DRINK



SOME BARTENDERS GREW  
BEARDS TO STROKE AFTER  
HANDLING THE GOLD DUST!  
PARTICLES WOULD STICK  
TO THE WHISKERS WHICH  
WERE CAREFULLY WASHED  
WHEN HE GOT HOME —  
It is estimated  
that \$30<sup>00</sup> a day  
in dust was  
Smuggled by one  
Bar-tender  
Alone!

BARTENDERS WITH BIG HANDS WERE HIRED  
BECAUSE THEY COULD GET LARGER PINCHES!

WHEN THE POLICE  
TRY TO GET A CONFESSION  
FROM A SUSPECT, THEY SAY—  
"HE'LL SING!"  
THE FIRST MAN GIVEN  
CREDIT FOR "SINGING"  
WAS A COWBOY NAMED  
TOM DULA—  
HE WAS ARRESTED FOR  
MURDER AND HE  
CONFERRED TO THE  
CRIME BY SINGING  
"HANG YOUR HEAD, TOM DULA,  
HANG YOUR HEAD AND CRY  
YOU KILLED POOR LAURA FOSTER  
AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!"

HE WAS GRANTED PERMISSION  
TO PLAY AND SING HIS CONFESSION  
SONG ON THE SCAFFOLD BEFORE  
HE WAS HANGED!



C.H. MOORE



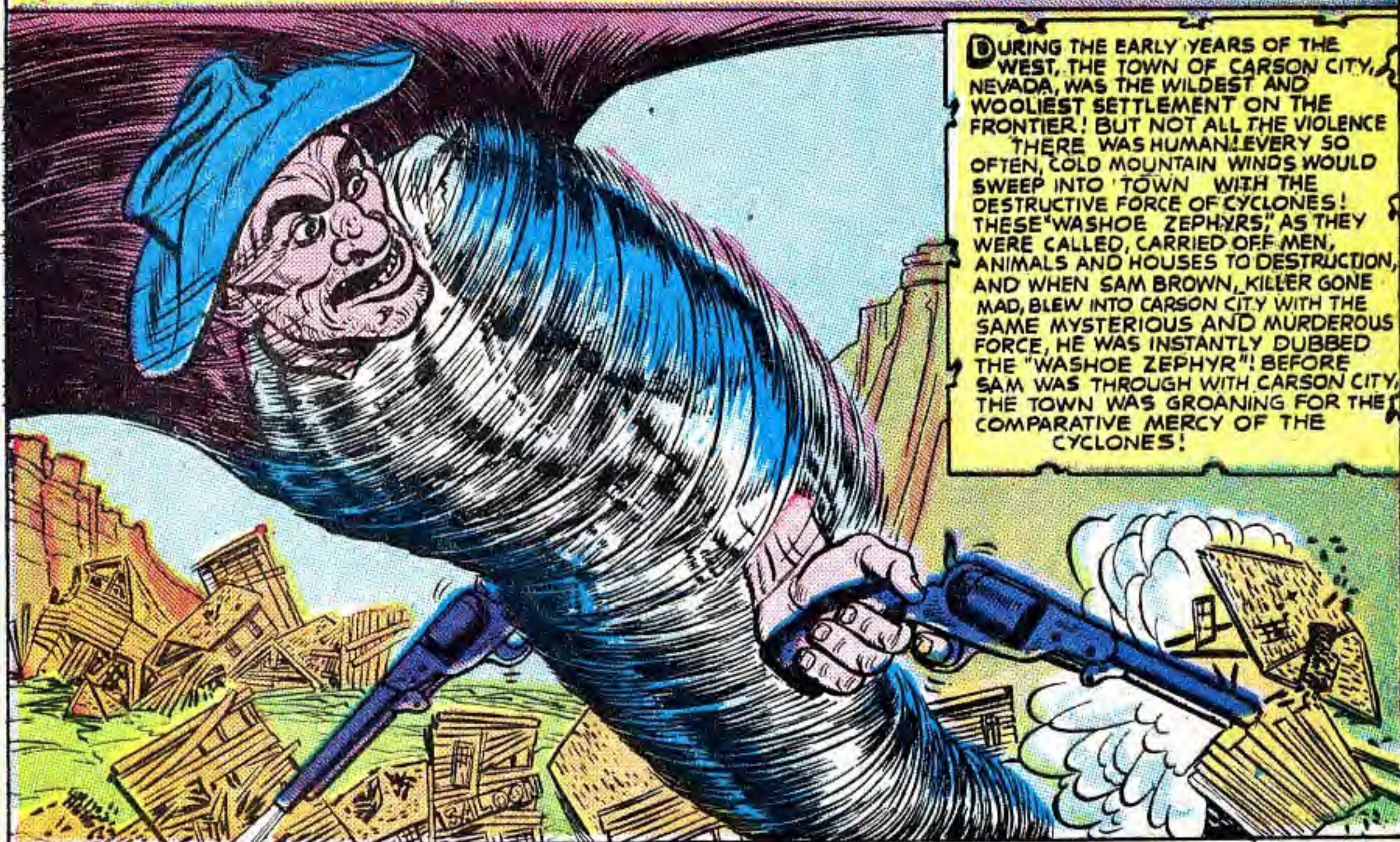
# OBEY THE LAW

**A TRUE  
WILD WEST  
STORY**

# CRAZY SAM BROWN

SAM  
BROWN  
KILLED  
1861

**THE SELF-APPOINTED SHERIFF OF  
CARSON CITY—YOU WERE A DEAD DUCK IF  
HE DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOK IN YOUR EYE!**



**D**URING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE WEST, THE TOWN OF CARSON CITY, NEVADA, WAS THE WILDEST AND WOOLLIEST SETTLEMENT ON THE FRONTIER! BUT NOT ALL THE VIOLENCE THERE WAS HUMAN! EVERY 50 OFTEN, COLD MOUNTAIN WINDS WOULD SWEEP INTO TOWN WITH THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCE OF CYCLONES! THESE "WASHOE ZEPHYRS," AS THEY WERE CALLED, CARRIED OFF MEN, ANIMALS AND HOUSES TO DESTRUCTION, AND WHEN SAM BROWN, KILLER GONE MAD, BLEW INTO CARSON CITY WITH THE SAME MYSTERIOUS AND MURDEROUS FORCE, HE WAS INSTANTLY DUBBED THE "WASHOE ZEPHYR"! BEFORE SAM WAS THROUGH WITH CARSON CITY, THE TOWN WAS GROANING FOR THE COMPARATIVE MERCY OF THE CYCLONES!

**I**N 1859, THE LAWLESS PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN HAD SO LITTLE REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE, EVEN THEIR OWN, THAT DISPUTES AND ARGUMENTS WHICH TO-DAY WOULDN'T EVEN REACH THE FIST-CUFFS STAGE, THEN ENDED IN GUN FIGHTS! AND SO A TYPICAL DAY IN CARSON CITY STARTS CALMLY...

FIVE DEAD, SHERIFF.. INCLUDIN' THE DRUNK THAT DROPPED DEAD OF A HEART ATTACK! THOUGHT YOU WERE BEING PAID TO PUT A STOP TO ALL THESE KILLINGS?

**HEY, MOVE ON, YOU BUMS! THE WAY THEY GAWK AT THE STIFFS, YOU'D THINK THEY'D NEVER SEEN A CORPSE! WHY, I'LL BET, RIGHT NOW, THERE'S JUST AS MANY DEAD MEN IN TOWN AS THERE ARE LIVE ONES!**

**JIMMINY! THE BOYS ARE SHOOTIN' IT UP AGAIN! THIS TIME IT'S OVER WHICH MONTH IS THE HOTTEST, JULY OR AUGUST!**

**MAYBE ONE MONTH IS HOTTER THAN THE OTHER, BUT NOTHIN' IS HOTTER THAN CARSON CITY!**

**I'M ONLY ONE MAN, BUT EVEN FIFTY MEN CAN'T KEEP LAW AND ORDER IN A TOWN WHEN EVERY-ONE'S BENT ON GETTIN' HIMSELF SHOT!**

**THERE'LL BE MORE DEAD ONES AFTER TONIGHT! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HERE COMES A WASHOE ZEPHYR!**

**YEOWW! IT'S GONNA BE A REAL HUMDINGER!**





# OBEDY THE LAW





# OBEY THE LAW



DID YOU FELLERS HEAR THAT? NOBODY CALLS SAM BROWN ANUT! LEAST WAYS, NOBODY'S GONNA LIVE MORE THAN A SECOND AFTER HE DOES! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

SAM BROWN! GULP! THE WORST KILLER IN NEVADA!

YEAH, AN' IF HE ASKS YA TO DO SOMETHIN'.. DO IT! THERE AIN'T NO REASONING WITH 'IM! HE'S GOT BATS IN THE BELFRY!



YOU, I WANT TO SEE THE SHERIFF! GO GET HIM!

HE'S GOT A LOTTA NOTCHES ON HIS GUNS, I HEARD! AT LEAST TWENTY OF THEM!

YEOW!



I'M THE SHERIFF! OHHH!

YOU WERE THE SHERIFF! SHERIFFS GIVE ME A PAIN, SO I MADE IT A RULE WITH MYSELF THAT NO SHERIFF LIVES IN THE SAME TOWN WITH SAM BROWN!

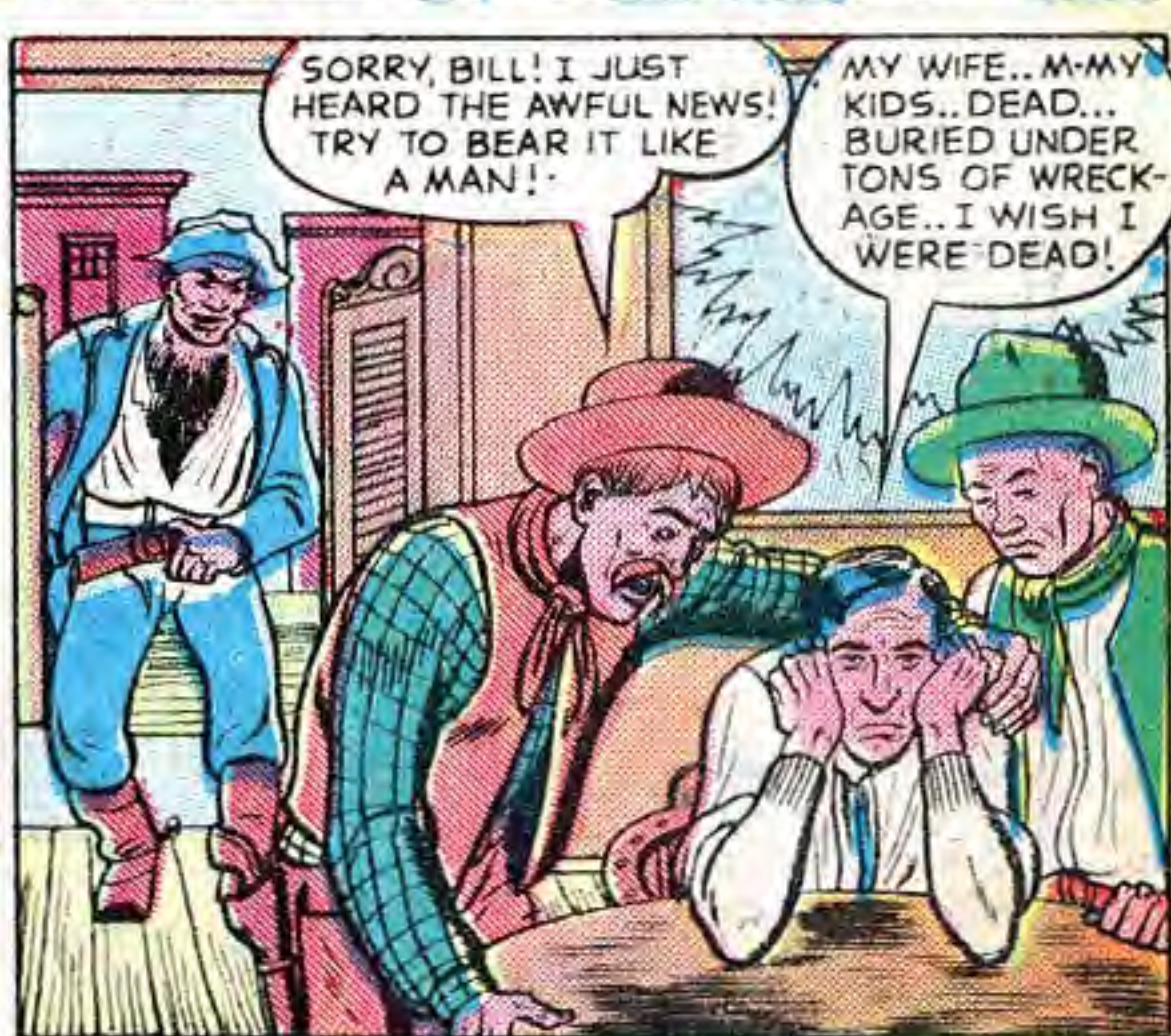


RIDIN' A LONG TRAIL ALWAYS WORKS UP A THIRST IN ME! WHERE DOES A MAN WET HIS WHISTLE?

OVER THERE, MR. BROWN! JOHNSON'S SALOON!

THE CYCLONES WERE BAD ENOUGH--BUT NOW THAT BROWN'S BLOWN INTO TOWN, I'M CLEARIN' OUT!

ME, TOO! I'M NOT EVEN STOPPING TO PACK!



SORRY, BILL! I JUST HEARD THE AWFUL NEWS! TRY TO BEAR IT LIKE A MAN!

MY WIFE.. M-MY KIDS.. DEAD... BURIED UNDER TONS OF WRECKAGE.. I WISH I WERE DEAD!



THERE YOU ARE, PAL! I ALWAYS AIM TO OBLIGE! YOU TWO LEFT ARE LUCKY! I'M GIVIN' YOU A CHOICE! EITHER HAND OVER YOUR MONEY, OR FOLLOW YOUR FRIEND!

ARGHH!



HEY, BARTENDER, FIX ME UP WITH SOME STRAIGHT SHOTS! WHAT'S THE MATTER, RUNT, AIN'T THE BAR BIG ENOUGH FOR THE TWO OF US, WITHOUT YOU PUSHIN'?

I'D SAY IT WAS JUST THE OTHER WAY AROUND, MISTER--THAT YOU WERE DOIN' THE PUSHIN'!



SO, PUSHIN' ME AIN'T ENOUGH! YOU'RE CALLIN' ME A LIAR, TOO! FOR A LITTLE WEASEL, YOU GOT YOUR CRUST! ARE YOU AIMIN' TO MAKE A SAP OUTTA ME?

Y-YOU GOT ME WRONG, MISTER! I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE! SO IF IT'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY, I DID THE PUSHING!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!



# OBEY THE LAW





# OBEY THE LAW

MAYBE ZEB'S RIGHT! MAYBE THAT VARMINT BROWN'LL CATCH A TICKERFUL OF SLUGS... BUT I'LL COME BACK WHEN HE DOES!

ME TOO! THAT CRAZY MURDERER WOULD KILL YA AS SOON AS LOOK AT YA! HE DON'T NEED NO REASON!

SO THE TOWN'S RUN-NIN' OUT ON ME, EH? WELL, THEIR NEW SHERIFF'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHIN' TO REMEMBER HIM BY!

G'WAN, BEAT IT, YA RABBITS! WHO NEEDS YA IN TOWN!

BANG! BANG!

EVERY WAGON HEADIN' OUTTA TOWN HAS TO RUN THE GAUNTLET PAST SAM BROWN'S HOTEL! WE DIDN'T MAKE NO MISTAKE. STAYIN' ON, ZEB! I'D SURE LIKE TO GET A CLEAR SHOT AT THE MURDERIN' IDIOT!

DRUNK OR SOBER-HE'S GOT THE FASTEST DRAW I EVER SEEN... SO THAT AIN'T GONNA BE EASY!

BANG! BANG!

BETWEEN THE NATURAL CYCLONES AND THE HUMAN ONE, CARSON CITY WAS IN FOR A ROUGH TIME! WHEN THE ELEMENTAL STORM BLEW OVER, THE MORTAL ONE BEGAN! IT WAS A TOSS-UP AS TO WHAT FILLED MORE GRAVES.. THE BLASTS THAT CAME FROM THE MOUNTAINS OR THE BLASTS THAT CAME FROM THE SELF-APPOINTED SHERIFF'S COLTS!

RUN! RUN! THE CYCLONE! IT'S COMIN' RIGHT DOWN MAIN STREET AGAIN!

B-BUT WE WAS ONLY COMPARING YOU WITH... OTHER SHERIFFS, SAM...

NOW THAT I'M SHERIFF, THAT'S AN INSULT! THERE'S NO COMPARISON!

BANG! BANG!

ZEB WAS A GOOD MAN... WE'RE SURE GONNA MISS HIM! THIS IS THE KILLINGEST TOWN IN NEVADA! JUST LOOK AT ALL THEM NEW GRAVES SINCE SAM BROWN CAME TO TOWN!

POOR ZEB- HE NEVER HURT NO-BODY! WHEN IS ALL THIS KILLIN' GONNA STOP?

"KILLED BY SHERIFF." "KILLED BY SHERIFF." IT LOOKS LIKE NOBODY DIES OF ANYTHIN' EXCEPT RUNNIN' INTO SAM BROWN IN THIS TOWN! I COUNTED THIRTY-ONE NEW GRAVES!

THE TROUBLE IS, THERE AIN'T NO MAN WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES OF HERE THAT STANDS A CHANCE AGAINST THE VILLAIN!

STONE ZEB KILLED

GRAND KILLED BY SHERIFF

YOU'VE BEEN HERE ALMOST A YEAR, SAM, AND YOU'VE MADE MORE ENEMIES THAN A HUNDRED MEN MAKE IN A LIFETIME! AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO TURN YOUR BACK ON THESE PEOPLE?

NAW! I GOT 'EM TOO BAM-BOOZLED TO FIGHT BACK! COME IN HERE AN' I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!



# OBEDY THE LAW

HEY, LOUDMOUTH! I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID FROM OUTSIDE AS PLAIN AS DAY! NOW LET'S HEAR YOU SAY THAT TO MY FACE! I MEAN ABOUT MY BEIN' A MURDERIN' SHERIFF!

BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE, SHERIFF! SLIM HERE CAN'T EVEN WHISPER! HE AIN'T BEEN ABLE TO TALK SINCE HE WAS BORN.. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!



THEN IT'S HIS DUMBNESS I DON'T LIKE! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHIN' ABOUT THE GUY THAT DON'T MAKE HIM FIT TO LIVE!



AN' NOW I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NAP ON THIS HERE POOL TABLE! I ALWAYS FEEL A MITE TIRED AFTER KILLIN' A MAN! HEY, DON'T LOOK SO UPSET, HONEY! NOTHIN'S GOING TO HAPPEN WHILE I SLEEP! THESE SHEEP ARE TOO SCARED TO DO ANYTHIN' BUT CUSS UNDER THEIR BREATH!



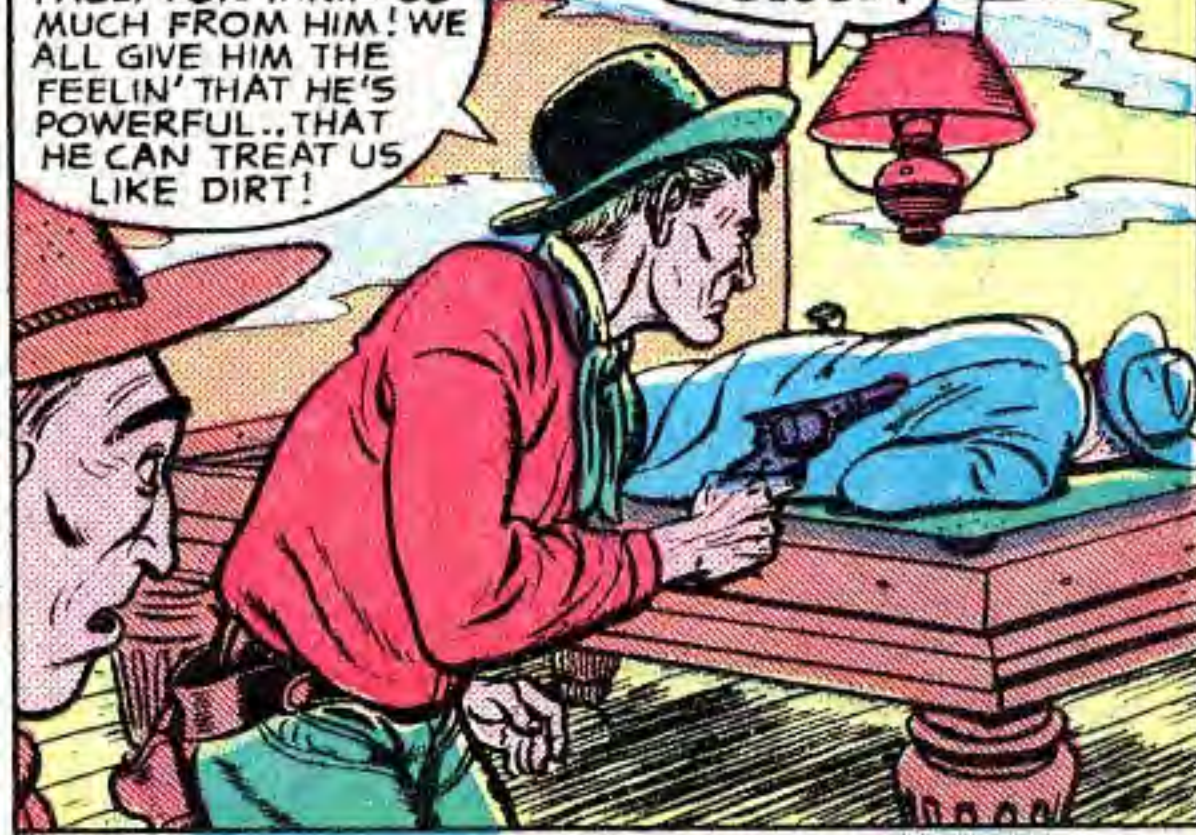
SO HE FINALLY GOT TO SLEEP! THE DIRTY BEAST, HIM FLAUNTING OUR COWARDICE IN OUR FACES! MOCKING US TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HIS TYRANNY.. I WOULDN'T SHOOT EVEN A SLEEPIN' LION, BUT HE'S DIFFERENT.. SO I'M ...

DON'T DO NOTHIN' FOOLISH, ARNSEN! HE MIGHT BE HEARIN' EVERY WORD YOU SAY.. HE AIN'T NO MORE ASLEEP THAN I AM!



RIGHT NOW, I DON'T CARE IF HE IS OR HE AIN'T! IT'S ALL OUR FAULT FOR TAKIN' SO MUCH FROM HIM! WE ALL GIVE HIM THE FEELIN' THAT HE'S POWERFUL.. THAT HE CAN TREAT US LIKE DIRT!

WELL, HE CAN'T.. NOT ME, ANYWAY! HE'S SHOT HIS LAST MAN IN COLD BLOOD!



TYRANTS WHO LIVE BY BLOOD, DIE BY BLOOD! UGH!

I HAD A DREAM SOMEBODY WAS SNEAKIN' UP ON ME, AN' DANGED IF HE WASN'T!



HE TRIED TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK, AN' YA SONS OF HORSE-THIEVES LET HIM! I'LL TEACH YA A LESSON YOU'LL REMEMBER!

YIII... LET ME OUTTA HERE!



THEY WON'T FORGET THIS THE NEXT TIME THEY SEE MY BACK IS TURNED!

WHY DO YOU DO IT, SAM? KILLING LIKE THIS - AS IF HUMAN BEINGS DIDN'T COUNT ANY MORE THAN GRASSHOPPERS!



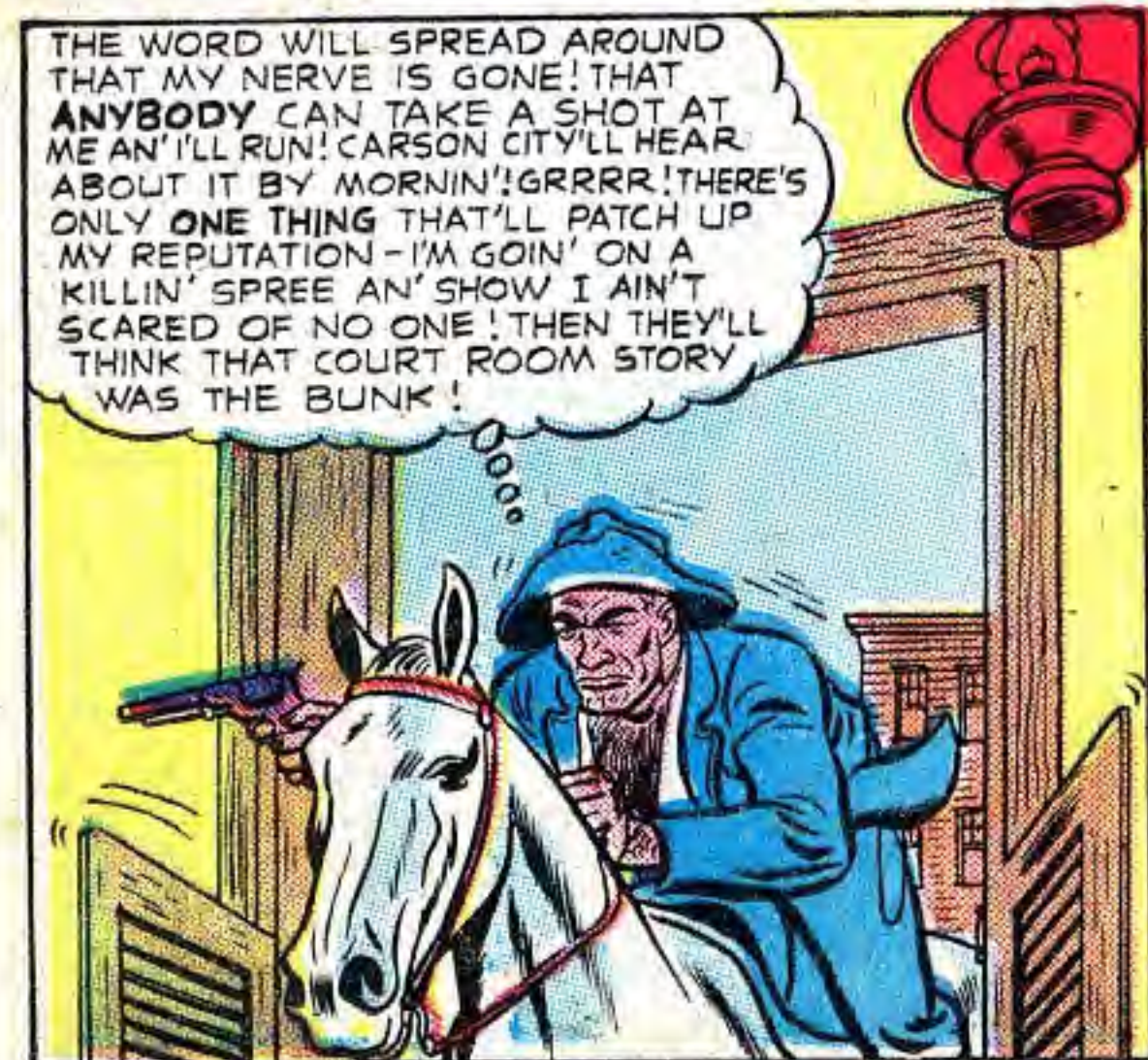
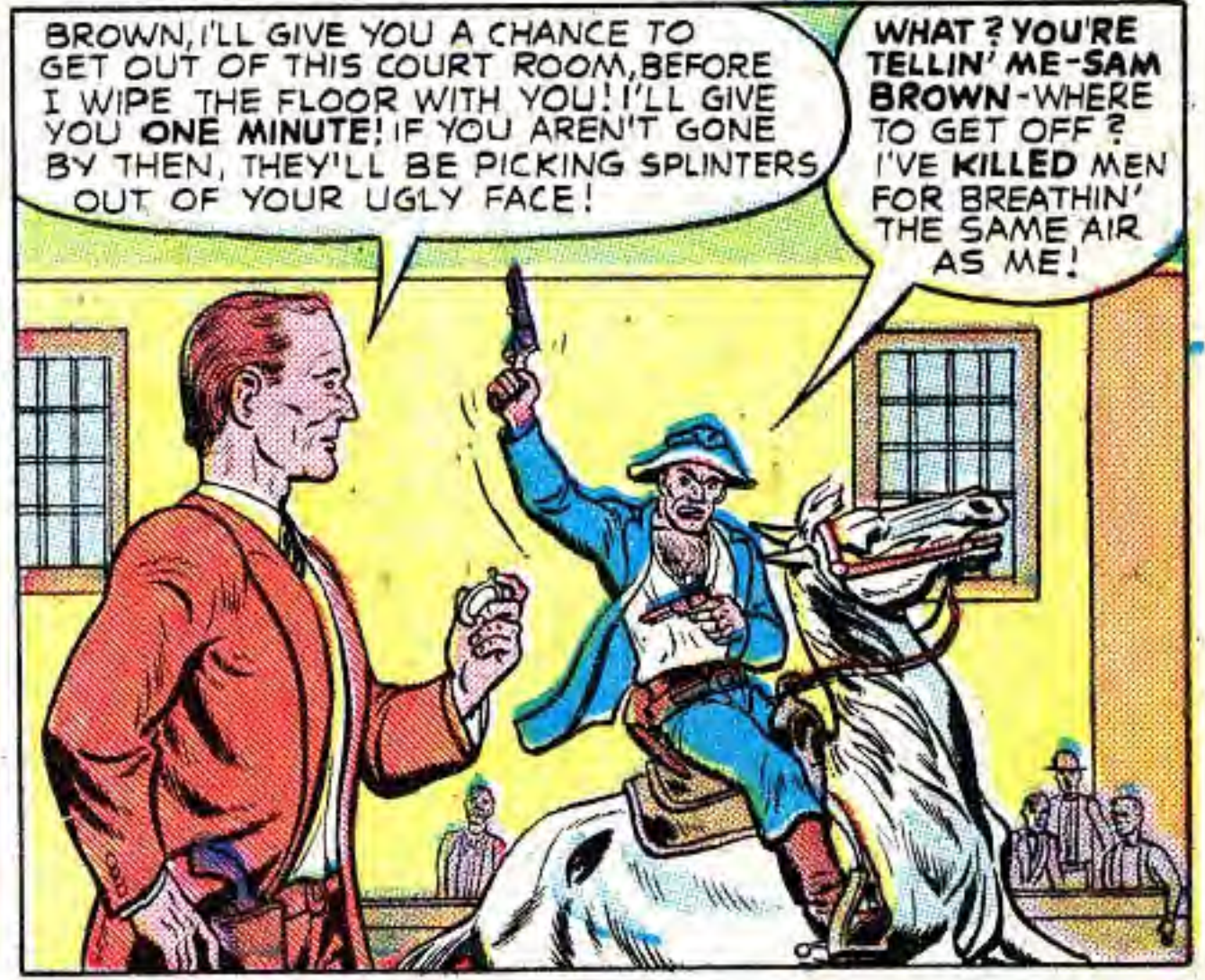


# OBEDY THE LAW





# OBEY THE LAW



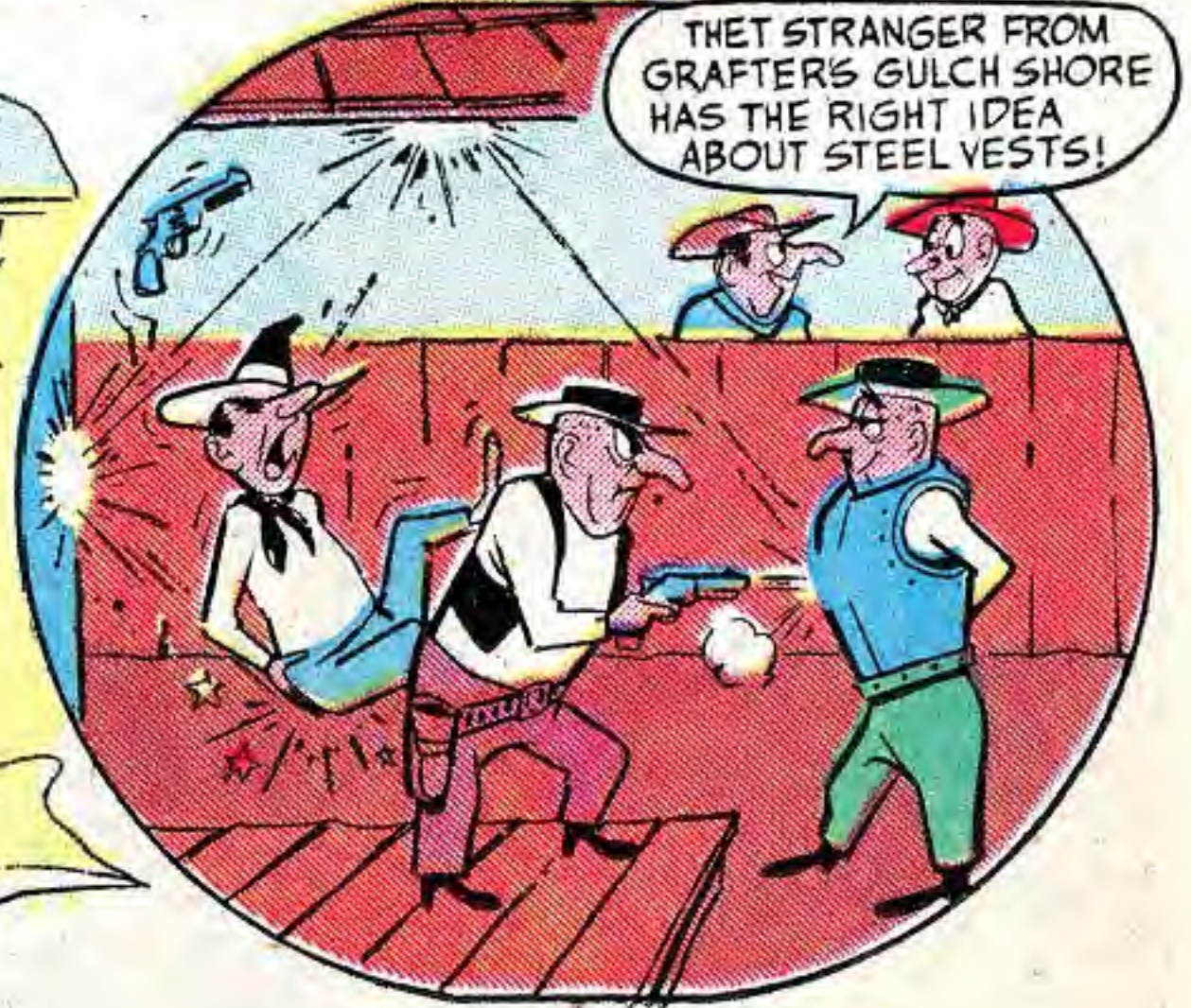
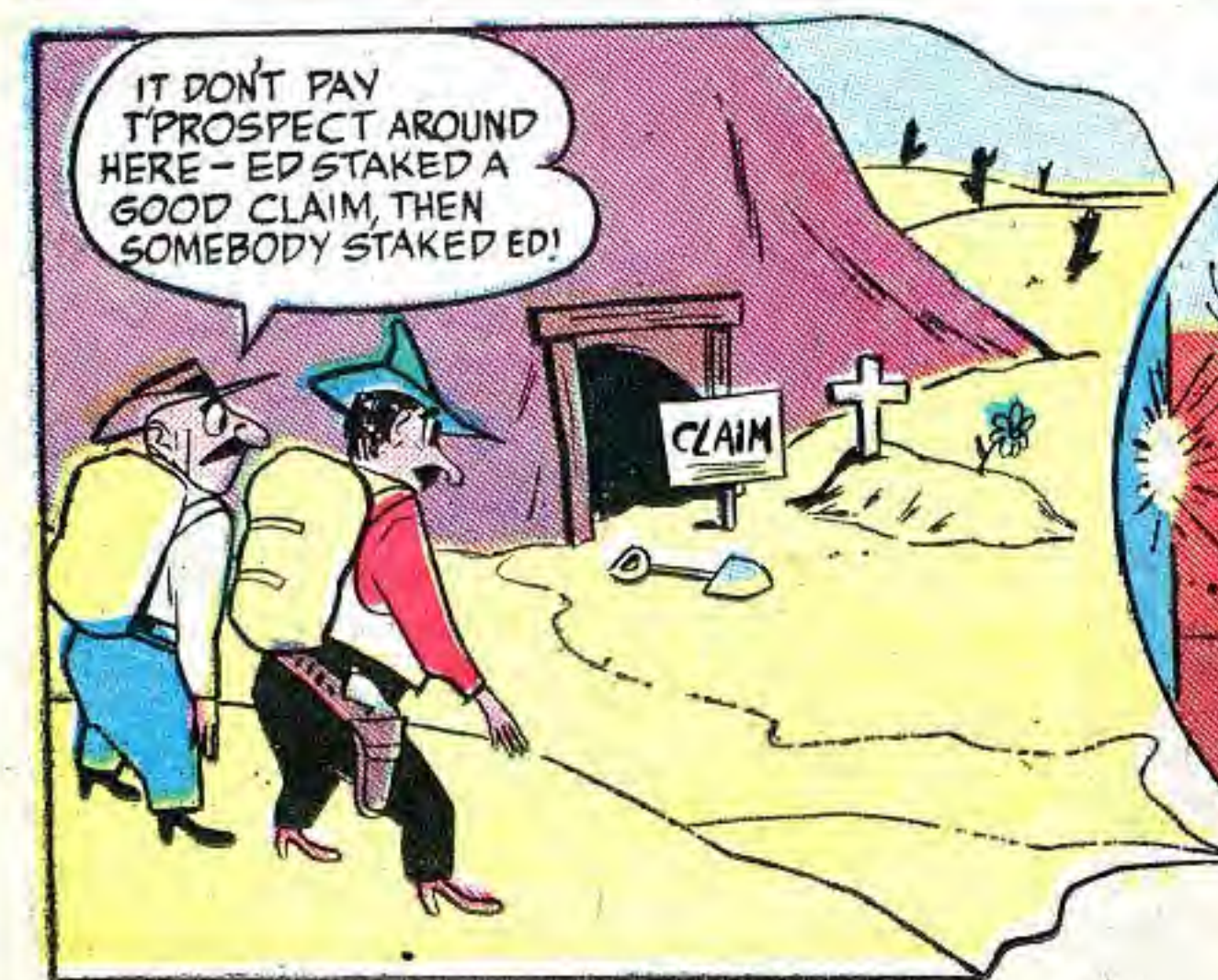
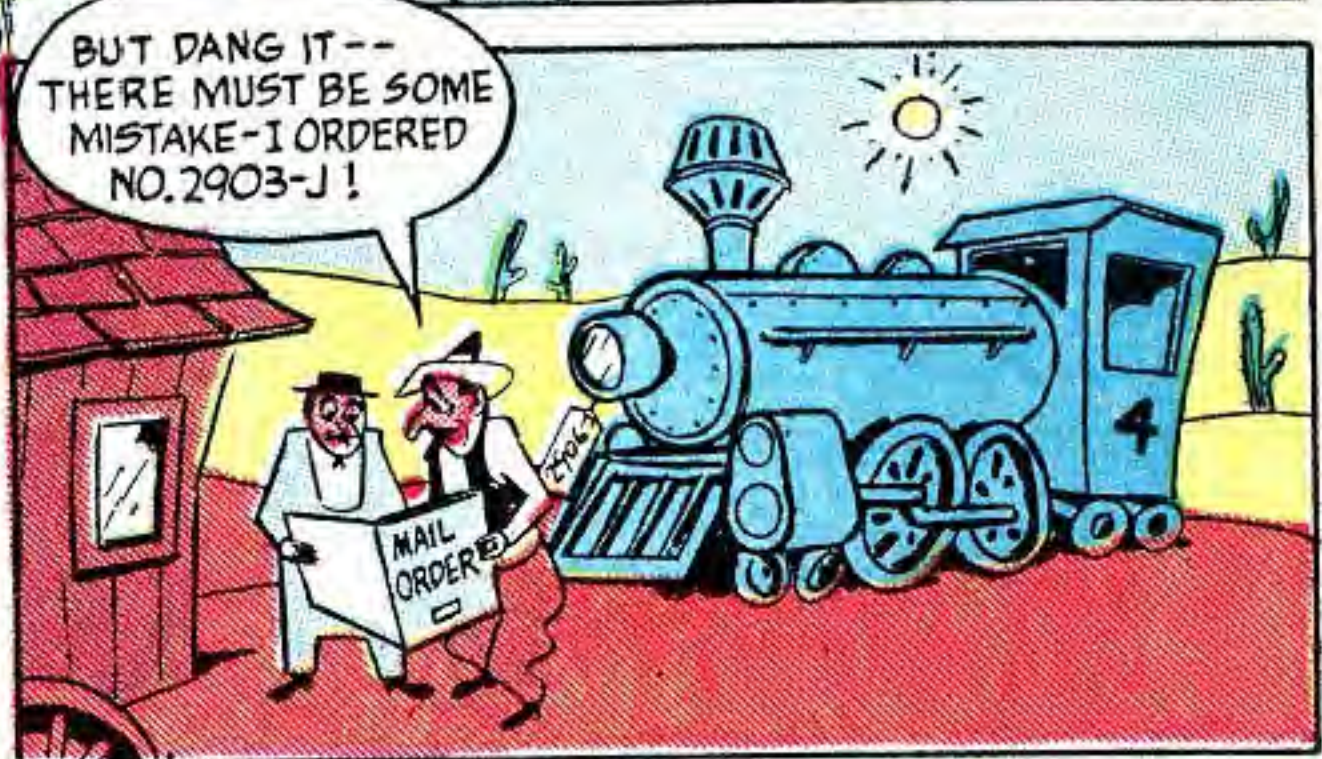


# OBEDY THE LAW





# WESTERN WACKIES







# ROWDY BOB HACKETT

## The Last Marauder

**B**OB HACKETT and his mob of desperadoes had terrorized the Rocky Mountain region for nearly ten years. "Rowdy" Bob himself was a mountain of rock-bone and solid flesh . . . and nerve. So he cursed the law and all it represented when, in the early summer of 1899, his gang of bandits was all but annihilated after they had held up a train. A posse had tracked down his mob and had put Hackett out of the running for all practical purposes.

Hackett alone had escaped and had hidden out, feeding his hate and cursing his luck.

"Them warn't no lawmen took after us, but a dad-ratted clutter o' human mavericks!" Hackett swore. "What's a posse, anyway, but a collection o' gun-totin' cowpokes?" The bandit's eyes darkened. He frowned threateningly. "They reckon I'm all done for, but that's where they're gonna be mighty fooled."

How desperate the man was, can be judged from his activities on the night of August 16, 1899. Wherever possible, the Denver-Fort Worth express had replaced the stage coach, with its ever-present danger of holdup by a mob too big to combat. Tackling a train was a thou-

sand times tougher than holding up a stage coach. In direct proportion to the risk, however, were the usual rewards of a train holdup, which were likely to be greater. Big sums of money were often transported by the railroads.

So on that night of August 16th, "Rowdy" Bob Hackett hid near a water tower outside the town of Folsom, New Mexico. When the train stopped to take on water, "Rowdy" Bob climbed in the darkness to the top of the baggage car.

The bandit crept cautiously over the coal car, then dropped suddenly and silently into the cab of the engine. Jabbing his rifle into the engineer's ribs, he snarled, "Don't try no tricks, yuh varmint! Just ease this here train to a stop up on the bend!"

Neither the engineer nor the fireman was armed. They were taken completely by surprise. The murderous slits that were the eyes of "Rowdy" Bob, glittered in the light from the open furnace door of the engine. The engineer's hand drew back on the throttle.

As the train ground to a stop in the perilous mountain turn, John Lane, express messenger, took a lan-

tern, jumped to the ground and ran forward.

"Just in time," Hackett sneered. "Git that lantern tuh work so yore pals can uncouple this here engine!"

Lane held the lantern and "Rowdy" stepped back from the car to get a better view of the layout. When the engine was down the road, he ordered the occupants of the car out, threatening to blow the train to bits.

Inside the train, Ed Moffatt, the mail clerk, who had experienced more than one holdup, started as he heard the grinding of the brakes. He looked about him in alarm as he heard the clanking of the train's couplings and the harsh voice of "Rowdy" Bob outside. There was plenty of dough being carried on this run and his blood boiled. If this was a stickup, he'd be doggoned if he wouldn't clamp his mail car tight.

To make sure he was right, he slid open the side door a crack and peered out into the darkness. The faint yellow light cast by the lantern silhouetted a man standing a little way from the car. It was too dark to make out more than a blur. Moffatt peered harder into the darkness.

A voice bellowed. It was



"Rowdy" Bob. "Get yore head back inside there afore I blow it off!" he shouted.

Anger flared in Moffatt's cheeks. He hesitated, wondering what to do. The desperado on the ground, a dead shot, fired from the hip. The bullet went true, even in the darkness, and plowed a jagged hole in Moffatt's cheek. The clerk fell back inside the car, the painful wound bleeding badly.

Frank Thompson, the conductor, trying to quiet the alarmed passengers, heard the shot. He, too, hated outlaws, who had given him trouble in the past. He told the people in the cars to sit tight, then rushed into the mail car, stopping only at his closet at the end of the passenger car to grab a shotgun he kept handy for such emergencies.

"This time, if it costs me my own life, I'm going to make it hard for those confounded outlaws!" he said, half aloud.

Moffatt was groaning on the floor. The conductor, seeing the door still open, moved cautiously. The sharp eyes of "Rowdy" Bob pierced the blackness inside the car.

"So yuh think you're gonna take me, huh?" he yelled, and once more fired from the hip.

The flash of fire from "Rowdy" Bob's rifle was matched by a blast of noise and smoke from the shotgun in the hands of Frank Thompson. Thompson pulled back, a bullet buried in his arm. Nevertheless, he worked desperately, reloading. But as the brave trainman took aim, he saw

"Rowdy" Bob running for cover in the hills, half-doubled up and gripping his arm. Thompson grinned in spite of his own pain. This time he had foiled the hold-up attempt and the shipment was safe!

In the darkness, "Rowdy" Bob, cursing his luck, picked his way slowly toward the spot where he had tied his horse. His arm throbbed with every step.

"I'll murder them!" he said. "I'll strangle 'em with my bare hands! The cussed fools—using' buckshot!"

"Rowdy's" arm was practically shattered. Even as he made his way toward the horse, he felt himself growing weak from the loss of blood. He had planned cleverly, he thought, leaving his horse far enough away so that he could escape on foot and hide out until the search for him had been given up. Then he would locate the animal and make his getaway.

But now the plan was backfiring. The horse was half a mile away, and though Hackett tore a piece of cloth from his shirt and made a tourniquet, he was staggering from loss of blood, shock, and general weakness by the time he had reached the animal.

"Rowdy" placed a foot in the stirrup, started to spring, and then fell unconscious on the ground.

When he awoke, it was daylight. His arm was swollen and the throbbing pain was almost killing him. He was somewhat stronger from having slept, but he had not eaten in hours and the gnawing hunger and thirst, to-

gether with the fever in the wound, were almost unbearable.

Groaning, the wounded bandit rose unsteadily and stumbled toward the tracks.

He didn't have long to wait. A train puffed gradually into sight. "Rowdy" waved frantically with his good arm. The engineer slowed down. Trainmen carrying arms jumped to the ground. "Rowdy" surrendered his own weapon and allowed himself to be taken aboard the train, a prisoner now, anxious only to get to a place where he could obtain medical attention.

Half way to the next station, "Rowdy's" train met one coming from the other direction. At a signal from the approaching engineer, the train stopped again. This time the sheriff, who had learned of the holdup, came aboard and placed "Rowdy" Bob Hackett under arrest.

The last of the gang of marauders had been captured. The swashbuckling bravado of the criminal had degenerated into a cursing, snarling outpouring of threats of vengeance.

Justice was not to be thwarted this time. In its unhurried way, it treated "Rowdy" with more respect than he had ever shown it. The bandit was nursed to health, given a fair trial and convicted for his crimes. His murders and robberies finally caught up with him and on April 26, 1901, "Rowdy" Bob Hackett was hanged. He left a world in which he had acquired nothing except an unsavory reputation.

THE END.

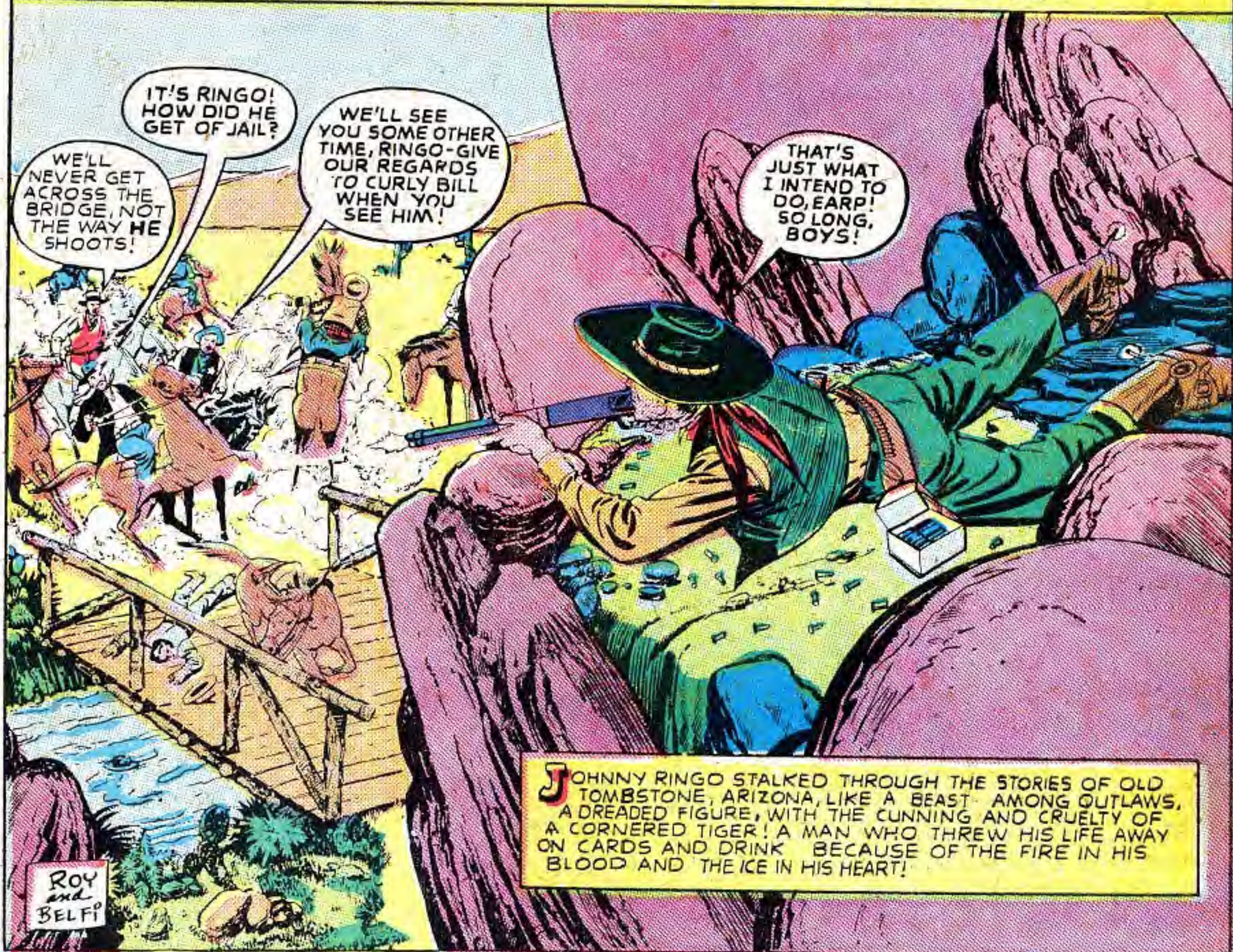


# OBEY THE LAW

**A  
TRUE  
WILD WEST  
STORY**

# JOHNNY RINGO

## HE HAD THE CUNNING AND CRUELTY OF A CORNERED TIGER!



IT'S RINGO!  
HOW DID HE  
GET OF JAIL?

WE'LL  
NEVER GET  
ACROSS THE  
BRIDGE, NOT  
THE WAY HE  
SHOOTS!

WE'LL SEE  
YOU SOME OTHER  
TIME, RINGO-GIVE  
OUR REGARDS  
TO CURLY BILL  
WHEN YOU  
SEE HIM!

THAT'S  
JUST WHAT  
I INTEND TO  
DO, EARP!  
SO LONG,  
BOYS!

**J**OHNNY RINGO STALKED THROUGH THE STORIES OF OLD TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, LIKE A BEAST AMONG OUTLAWS, A DREADED FIGURE, WITH THE CUNNING AND CRUELTY OF A CORNERED TIGER! A MAN WHO THREW HIS LIFE AWAY ON CARDS AND DRINK BECAUSE OF THE FIRE IN HIS BLOOD AND THE ICE IN HIS HEART!

ROY  
and  
BELFI

**A SMALL TEXAS VALLEY IN THE SPRING OF 1880!**

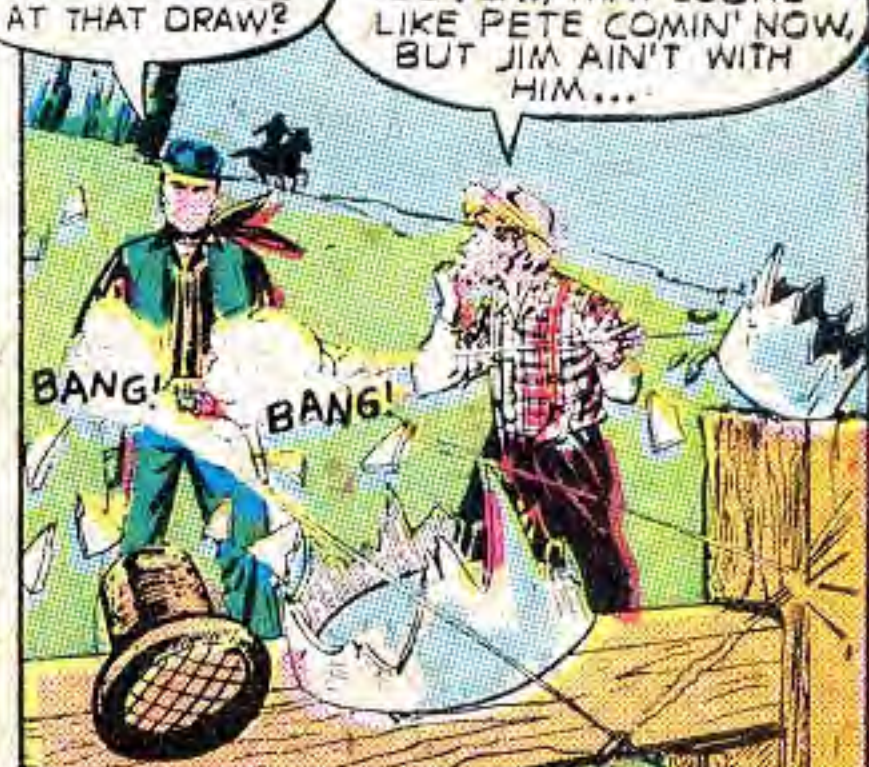
YOUR BROTHER, JIM, WILL SURE BE GLAD YOU CAME HOME, JOHNNY! BETWEEN YOU AN' ME, WE SURE CAN USE THAT GUN HAND OF YOURN'! WITH ALL THEM NEW SHEPHERDERS MOVIN' IN, THIS VALLEY'S SET FOR A CATTLE WAR!

THEN I'M SURE GLAD I CAME BACK WHEN I DID! JUST STEP ASIDE, PA, AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT SLINGIN' LEAD THESE PAST TWO YEARS!

A FEW MORE NOTCHES ON THESE WALNUT TWINS AND THE SHEPHERDERS'LL BE TAKIN' THEIR BA-BA WOOLIES TO ANOTHER STATE! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE BOTTLES, PA!

HOW'S THAT, PA? D'YA THINK JIM WILL HAVE ANY TROUBLE ONCE THOSE MUTTON LOVERS GET A LOOK-SEE AT THAT DRAW?

WHEN I HEARD YOU WAS THE FASTEST GUNSLINGER IN DODGE CITY, I WAS SURE PROUD, SON! BUT NOW THAT I'VE SEEN YOU DRAW, I'M PLUMB BUG-EYED-AN' FROM THE HIP TOO! SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE PETE COMIN' NOW, BUT JIM AIN'T WITH HIM...





# OBEDY THE LAW

JOHNNY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! JIM'S DEAD! WE WAS IN THE HORNED STEER HOISTIN' A FEW, WHEN HE SUDDENLY STARTS CURSIN' AT TED BRUCE, WHO OWNS THAT SHEEP SPREAD OUTTA TOWN! THEY SHOT IT OUT AND POOR JIM CAME OUT SECOND BEST!

JIMMY DEAD! PA, YOU SADDLE UP MY HORSE! PETE, YOU GET THAT BRONC OF YOURN WATERED! WE GOT SOME SQUARIN' TO DO! WHEN I'M DONE, THERE WON'T BE A SHEEPMAN LEFT IN THE COUNTY!

WAIT A MINUTE, JOHNNY.

..KILLIN' BRUCE AND OTHER MEN WHO NEVER HARMED YOU IS **WRONG, SON!** IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT-NOW LET IT GO AT THAT! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU AN' PETE, WHO'D TAKE CARE OF MA? I CAN'T RUN THIS SPREAD ALONE!

I NEVER THOUGHT MY OWN FATHER WOULD TALK LIKE THAT! BRUCE KILLED JIMMY, DIDN'T HE? I CALL IT **MURDER!** NOBODY KILLS A RINGO AND LIVES TO BRAG ABOUT IT! THEY WANT A WAR-OKAY! HERE'S THE MAN THAT'LL FILL THEIR BELLIES SO FULL OF LEAD, THEY'LL WISH THEY NEVER HEARD OF TEXAS! C'MON, PETE, WE'RE WASTIN' TIME!

THAT'S TED BRUCE NOW, JOHNNY! THE GUY ON THE BLACK MARE IS HIS FOREMAN, TOM HAWKS!

THEY'LL BE HEADING OUT TO BED THE FLOCK DOWN FOR THE NIGHT! WE'LL HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE CANYON AND WAIT FOR THEM THERE! HAVE YOUR LASSO READY, PETE!

LET'S GO, TOM! BYE BOBBY, SEE YOU LATER!

BYE, POP!

NICE GOIN', PETE! OKAY, BOTH OF YA-DISMOUNT AND KEEP 'EM HIGH!

HEY, WHAT GOES? WHO ARE THOSE GUYS?

ONE OF 'EM'S PETE RINGO-NEVER SEEN THE OTHER ONE!

MEET MY OTHER BROTHER, JOHNNY!

ALL RIGHT, TURN AROUND AND START WALKIN' FOR THAT CANYON WALL! WALK TILL I TELL YOU TO STOP!

G'WAN, MARCH!

IF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE SHOOTING, PETE, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, TELL YOUR BROTHER I HAD TO DO IT! IT WAS EITHER HIM OR ME! YOU KNOW IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT, PETE!

GIVE US A CHANCE! I COULDN'T LET YOUR BROTHER KILL ME, COULD I? I HAD TO SHOOT BACK! YOU CAN'T MURDER US FOR THAT!

MURDER? THAT'S SHOOTIN' IN THE BACK WHERE I CAME FROM, AND I AIN'T GOIN' TO DO THAT! OKAY, STOP! NOW TURN AROUND!

YA DIDN'T TURN QUICK ENOUGH! WELL PETE, THERE'S ONE SHEEP RANCH FOR SALE! BY THE TIME I'M DONE, THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING BUT CATTLE AROUND HERE-RINGO CATTLE!

THAT'S TALKING, JOHNNY!

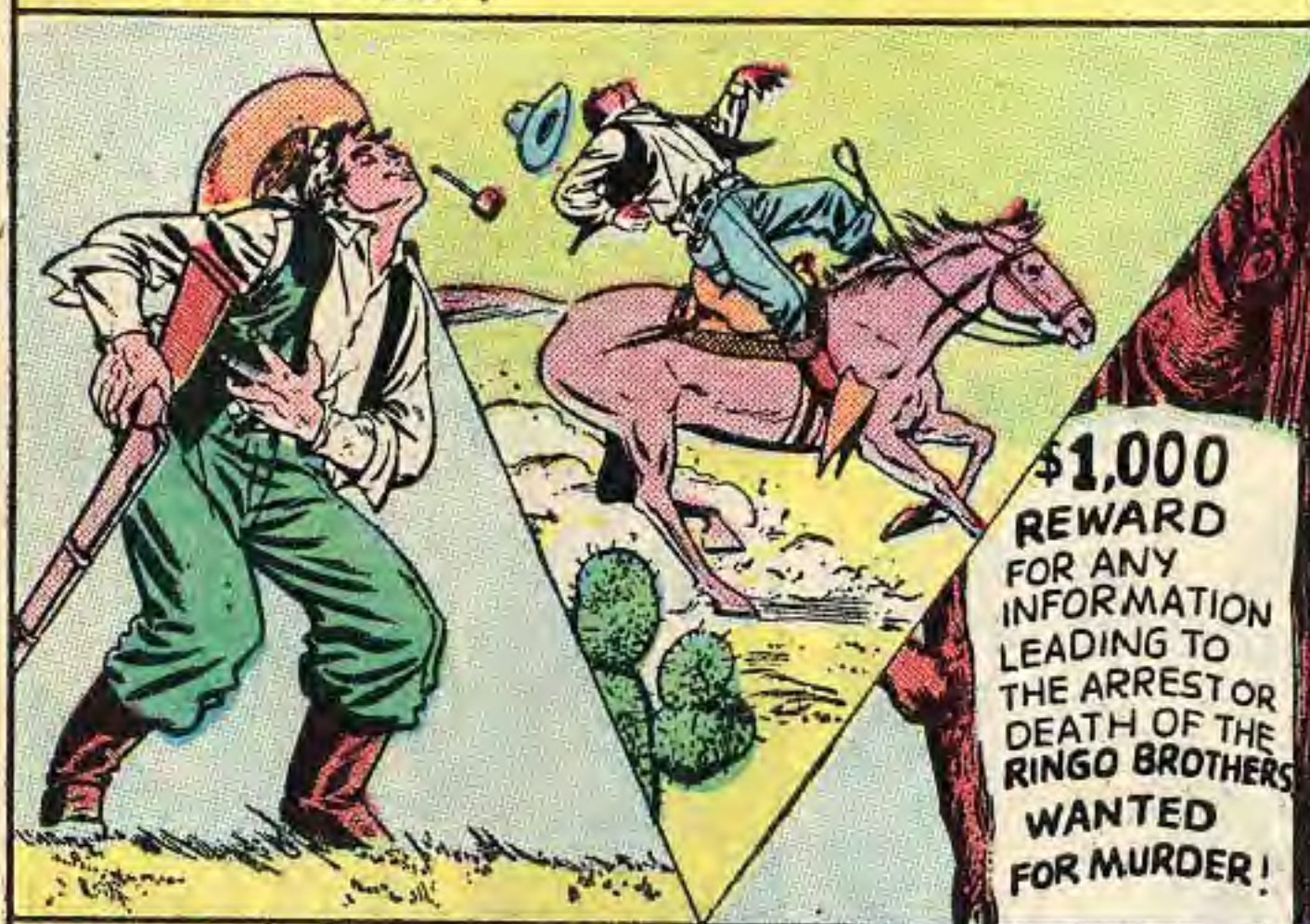
BANG!

THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET ANYTHIN' DONE, KID! LEAVE THE FAIR FIGHTIN' TO THE OTHER GUY! IT'S HEALTHIER THAT WAY! AND KEEP THROWIN' LEAD AROUND TILL THERE ISN'T A SHEEPMAN LEFT! THIS COUNTRY BELONGS TO THOSE THAT GRABS IT!



# OBEDY THE LAW

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS THE TEXAS SANDS WERE WATERED WITH BLOOD-THE BLOOD OF INNOCENT MEN, WHOSE ONLY CRIME WAS RAISING SHEEP!



LET'S BUNK IN HERE, JOHNNY! IT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT! HURRY UP-AFTER RIDIN' ALL NIGHT, I'M SO BUSHED, I CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

WITH THAT POSSE ON OUR TAIL IT PROBABLY AIN'T SAFE, BUT WE GOTTA REST OUR HORSES AND GET OURSELVES SOME SHUT-EYE!



I FIGURE WE MUST BE NEAR THE ARIZONA BORDER! ONCE WE CROSS THAT RIVER, WE'LL BE SAFE! NOBODY KNOWS US THERE!

I HOPE SO! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS GETTING INTO WHEN I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS! THERE'S A HUNDRED GUYS WAITING TO CUT OUR THROATS FOR THE REWARD, AND WE CAN NEVER SEE THE FOLKS AGAIN! I'M SICK OF THE WHOLE THING!



QUIT SQUAWKIN'! WE COULDN'T LET JIM GO UNAVENGED, COULD WE? NOW GET SOME SLEEP, BUT KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY! I'LL TAKE THE FIRST WATCH AND WAKE YOU IF ANYTHING SEEMS FISHY!



WHEW! I MUSTA BEEN ASLEEP FOR A SPELL! I DUNNO HOW I'M GONNA PROP MY LIDS OPEN ANY LONGER, BUT PETE'S STILL GOT ANOTHER HOUR-MAYBE IF I TURNED MY WATCH AHEAD...HUH, WHAT'S THAT?



PETE! PETE! WAKE UP, PETE! IT'S THE LAW!



DON'T MAKE A MOVE, RINGO, OR WE SHOOT!

THEY GOT ME, JOHNNY! I'M HURT BAD! HELP ME...DON'T LET 'EM GET ME-I'LL SWING SURE!



THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK, PETE, 'CAUSE I CAN'T CARRY YOU, AN' THERE'S NO TIME TO ROUND UP THE HORSES! YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO GET PLUGGED- WOULD YA?

THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE! IF I CAN STAY UNDER WATER, THE CURRENT SHOULD CARRY ME DOWNSTREAM BEFORE THEY CAN SPOT ME! I JUST HOPE MY POWDER WON'T GET TOO WET!

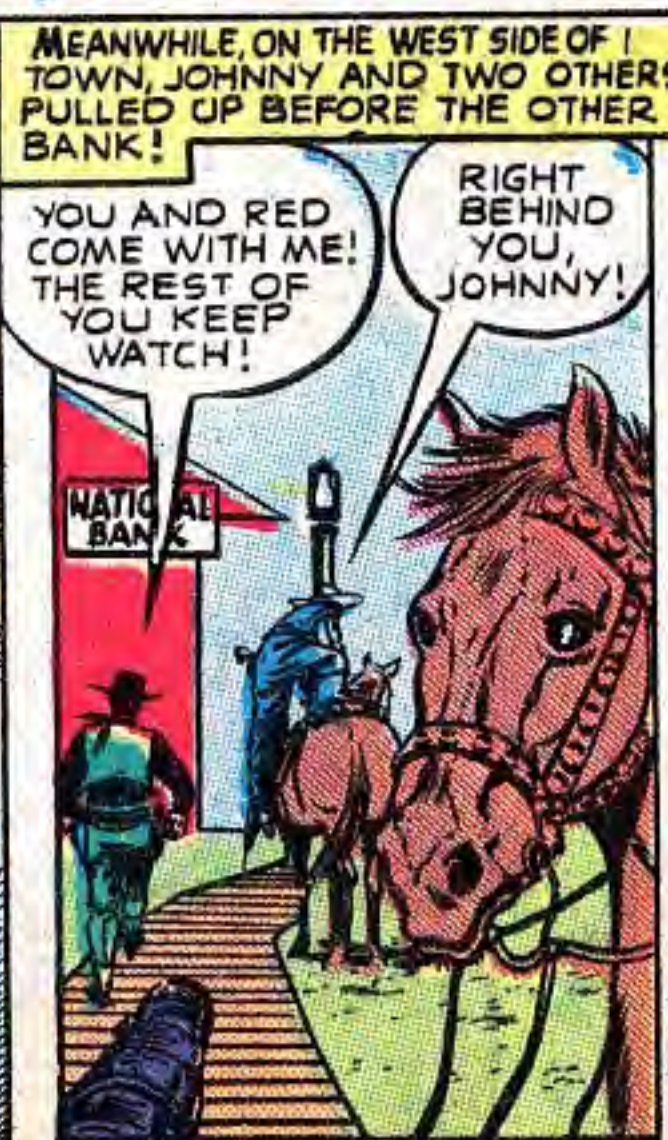
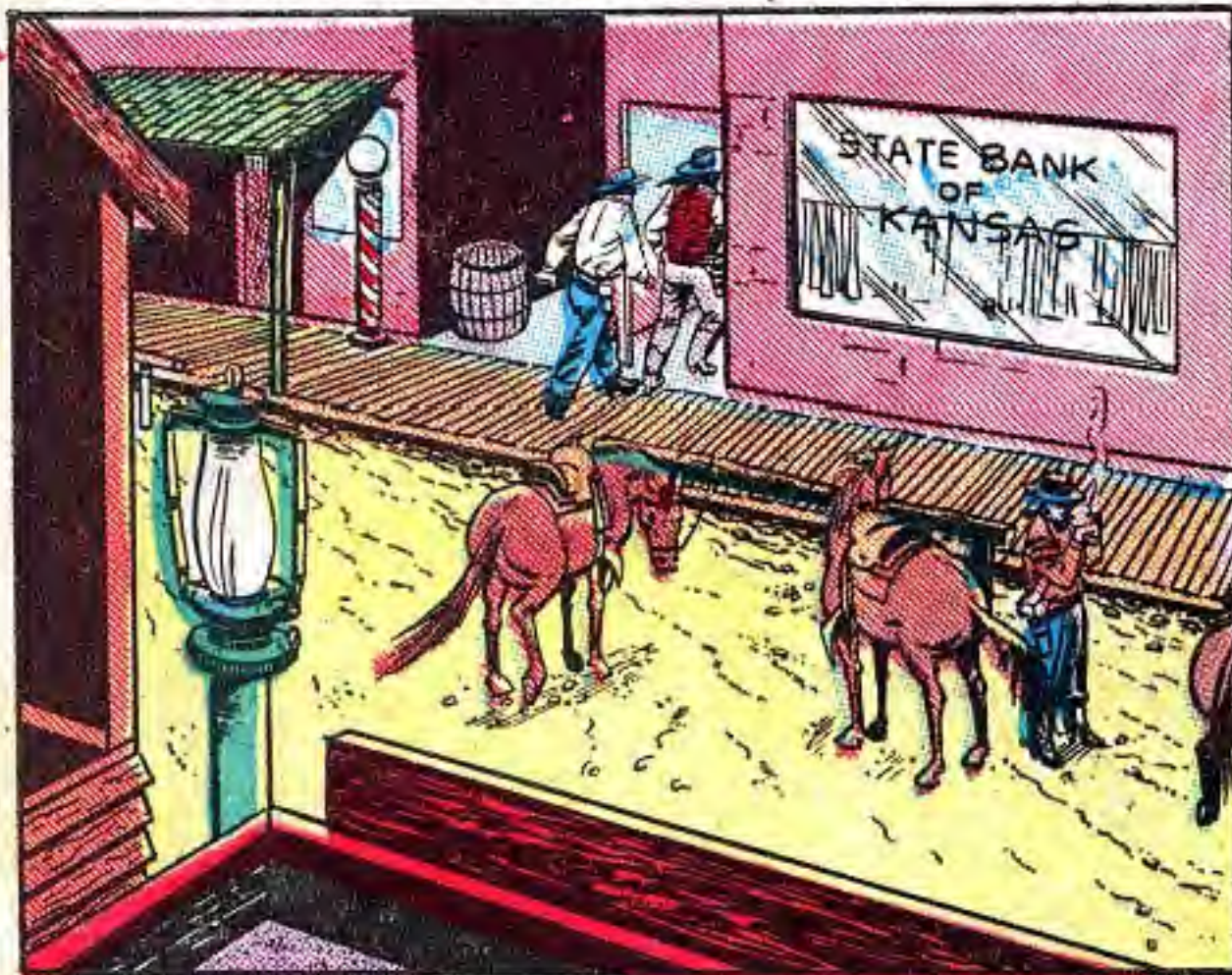




# OBEY THE LAW



©N SEPTEMBER 8, 1881, CURLY BILL AND TWO OF HIS MEN ENTERED THE STATE BANK IN DODGE CITY, KANSAS!





# OBEDY THE LAW



I GUESS YOU DO! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRYIN' TO MAKE ME OUT A LIAR! YOU, FOUR EYES, YOU GOT 30 SECONDS, GET MOVIN'!

ARGHH!

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL OPEN IT - ONLY PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!



HAVE WE GOT ALL OF IT?

EVERY LAST PLUGGED CENT! LET'S GET GOIN', JOHNNY!



THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!

HURRY! MAYBE WE CAN GET A POSSE TOGETHER IN TIME TO HEAD 'EM OFF! IF NOT, THAT MONEY'S GONE! WE NEVER GOT A GOOD LOOK AT ANY OF 'EM!



HOW'S THIS FOR GOOD NEWS? THERE WAS OVER \$22,000 IN THOSE POUCHES - NOT A BAD HAUL FOR A STARTER, EH, JOHNNY? WHAT YOU AN' ME NEED NOW IS A LITTLE REST, TO KINDA WET OUR WHISTLES - NOT TO MENTION A BLONDE I KNOW THAT'D LOVE TO MEET YA! EVER HEARD OF TOMBSTONE?

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', BILL! TOMBSTONE - SURE, I'VE HEARD LOTS ABOUT THAT TOWN, AND ALL OF IT GOOD! IT'S WIDE OPEN FOR GUYS LIKE US! IT MIGHT BE JUST WHAT WE NEED!



RINGO? JOHNNY RINGO? OH, SO YOU'RE THE RINGO KID! CURLY BILL WAS TELLIN' ME ABOUT YOU THE LAST TIME HE WAS IN TOWN! HE SWEARS BY YOU - SAYS YOU'RE THE SHOOTINGEST MAN IN THE WEST!

THAT MAKES US EVEN, VIRGINIA - HE'S TOLD ME LOTS ABOUT YOU, AND NONE OF IT BAD! SO HERE I AM, AND AS THE PLAY ACTORS SAY, I CAME A-COURTIN'!



I WAS WONDERING WHAT WAS IN THE PACKAGE! MY, BUT IT'S LOVELY, JOHNNY! IT MUST HAVE COST A FORTUNE, AND THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST TIME WE'VE MET! CURLY WAS RIGHT, YOU ARE A PRINCE!

WHEN I WANT SOMETHING, I GO AFTER IT IN A BIG WAY! I BELIEVE IN MAKING A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION! THAT CAME ALL THE WAY FROM ST. LOUIS... IT'S THE LATEST THING!



THAT'S RIGHT, DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK WHEN YOU WALK IN ON A LADY!

SORRY, VIRGIE, BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT, RINGO, CURLY BILL TOLD ME TO GET YOU OVER TO THE SILVER PALACE RIGHT AWAY! WYATT EARP'S BEEN SWORN IN AS MARSHALL HIM AN' DOC HOLLIDAY ARE THROWIN' THEIR WEIGHT AROUND, LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE! YOU'D BETTER COME QUICK!



EARP AND HOLLIDAY - HERE IN TOMBSTONE? WELL, IF THIS AIN'T A SMALL WORLD! I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO GET EVEN WITH THEM EVER SINCE KANSAS CITY! I HAD TROUBLE WITH 'EM WHEN EARP WAS THE MARSHAL THERE! GO TELL CURLY BILL I'M GONNA HANDLE THEM ALONE!

OKAY, JOHNNY, GOOD LUCK!



# OBEY THE LAW

YOU WEREN'T GOING TO LEAVE ME WITHOUT A KISS FOR GOOD LUCK, WERE YOU, JOHNNY? DO BE CAREFUL! I WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO A MAN WITH SUCH WONDERFUL TASTE!

I GOT GOOD TASTE IN CLOTHES AND WOMEN, BABY, JUST SIT TIGHT AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

SO, IT'S REALLY TRUE, WYATT EARP AN' DOC HOLLIDAY ARE IN TOMBSTONE! REMEMBER ME - THE RINGO KID? I AIN'T NEVER FORGOT THE TIME YOU GUN-WHIPPED ME WHEN I WAS DRUNK IN KANSAS CITY!

WE WOULDN'T BE LIKELY TO FORGET A TRIGGER-HAPPY KID THAT SHOOTS YOU IN THE BACK ON DARK NIGHTS! I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING THE BIG BAD MAN LATELY, JOHNNY!

THAT DOES IT! EARP, I'LL MAKE YOU A PROPOSITION! OUR BOYS HATE YOU AND YOU HATE US! IF THIS KEEPS UP, A LOTTA GUYS ARE GONNA BE KILLED! YOU AN' ME CAN SETTLE THE WHOLE THING! COME ON OUT INTO THE STREET AND WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT-FAIR AND SQUARE!

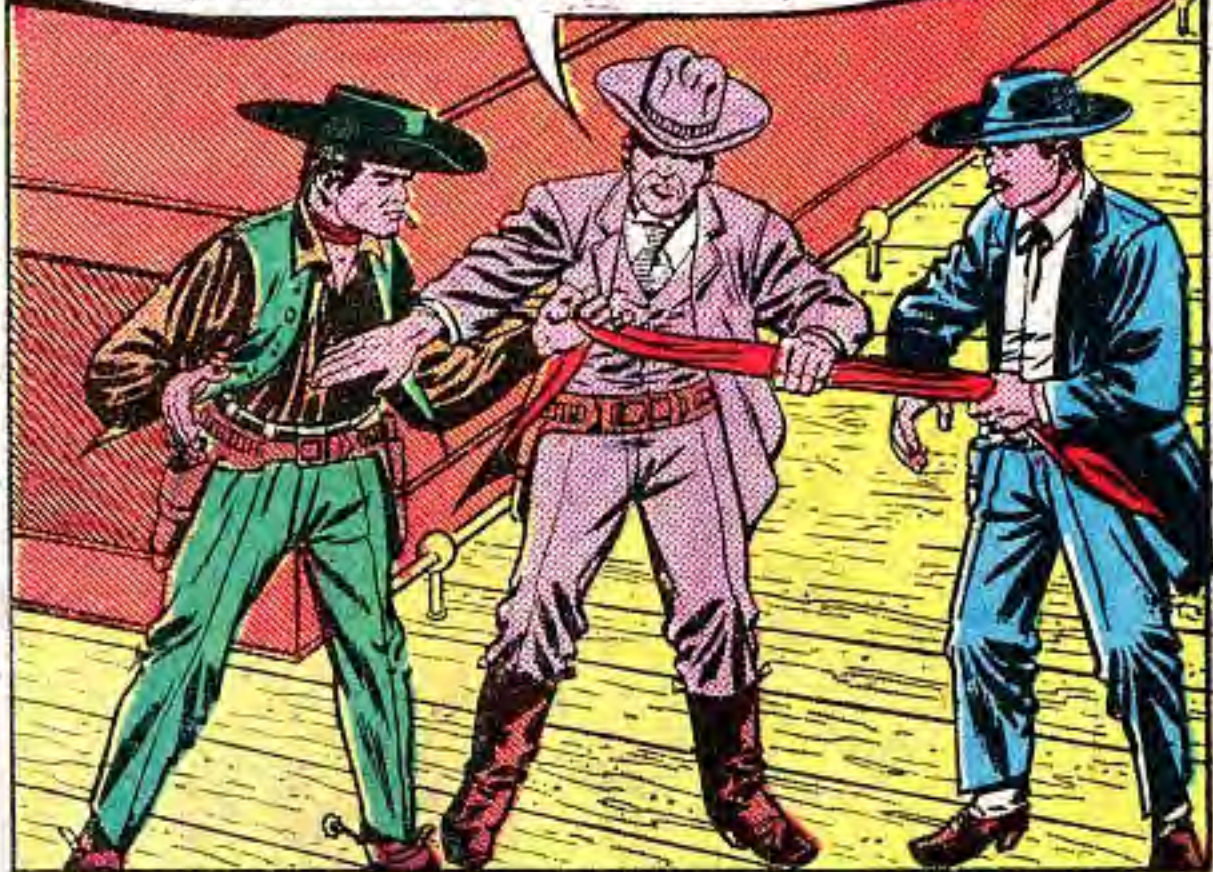
RINGO, I'M NOT GIVEN TO MAKIN' SUCKER PLAYS! MAYBE YOU'RE DRUNK OR CRAZY, BUT I'M NOT! I'D BE A FOOL-ME, A PEACE OFFICER, FIGHTING A DUEL WITH YOU! BETTER GO SLEEP IT OFF!

YOU ALWAYS HAVE AN EXCUSE, DOC, THEY SAY YOU'RE THE GAMEST MAN IN THE EARP CROWD, AND YOU'RE NO PEACE OFFICER! I DON'T NEED BUT THREE FEET TO DO MY SHOOTIN'! HERE'S MY HANDKERCHIEF, TAKE HOLD!

I'M YOUR MAN, RINGO! THAT'S JUST MY GAME!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

EASY, BOYS! AS LONG AS I'M MARSHAL, YOU'LL FIGHT NO HANDKERCHIEF DUELS HERE! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH KILLING IN TOMBSTONE, AND IT'S GOING TO STOP! STARTING TOMORROW, NOBODY BUT THE MARSHAL, SHERIFF AND THEIR DEPUTIES WILL CARRY GUNS IN TOWN! ANYBODY WHO DOES, WILL COOL HIS SPURS IN THE CALABOOSE!



WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU, JOHNNY? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN YOURSELF THESE PAST FEW WEEKS!

IT'S JUST THAT WITH EARP AS MARSHAL, THIS TOWN IS BECOMING A GRAVEYARD! IF IT WASN'T FOR PLAYIN' POKER, AN' HAVIN' YOU AROUND, I'D GO LOCO!

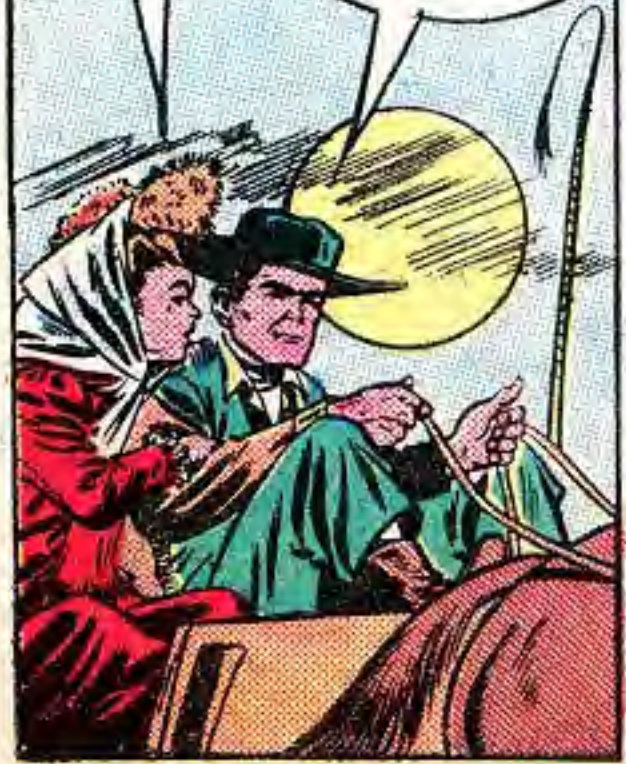
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE RUNNIN' IN BAD LUCK AGAIN TONIGHT, RINGO!

BAD LUCK? I AIN'T HELD A PAIR ALL NIGHT! WELL, I GUESS THAT CLEANS ME, GENTS! IF SOME ONE WOULD BE KIND ENOUGH TO ADVANCE ME THE PRICE OF A DRINK, I'D CALL IT A NIGHT!

THAT LEAVES ME CLEANER THAN BUZZARD-PICKED BONES-AN' VIRGIE'S NEW BUGGY HAS TO BE PAID FOR TOMORROW! HMM... I WONDER...

SURE, RINGO, BUT DON'T GET CAUGHT WITH IT! YOU KNOW THE MARSHAL- YOU'LL GET 30 DAYS SURE!

FRED, LET ME BORROW YOUR GUN FOR AWHILE, WILL YOU?





# OBEDY THE LAW



SORRY, BOYS, THOSE ARE FOUR ACES AND IF I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT POKER, THEY'RE TOPS!

AND IF I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT POKER, A SIX SHOOTER BEATS FOUR ACES! JUST FORK ALL THE MONEY OVER TO THE WINNING HAND, BOYS, AND WE'LL CALL IT A NIGHT!



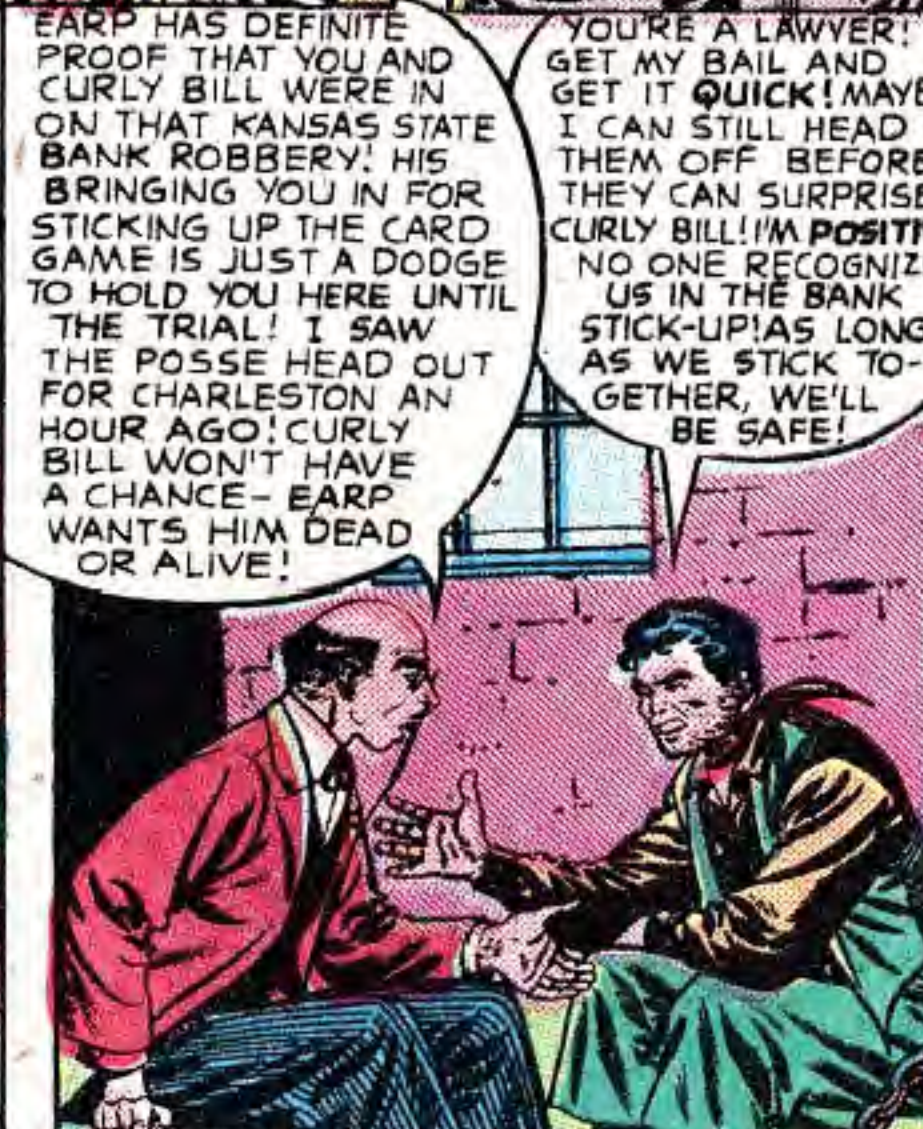
DON'T REACH FOR YOUR GUN, RINGO, OR I'LL BE DRAGGIN' YOU IN, FEET FIRST! SOME OF THE BOYS WERE A MITE PEEVED AT YOU FOR CRASHIN' THE GAME LAST NIGHT! I WARNED YOU NOT TO STEP OUTTA LINE! THIS'LL GET YOU ABOUT A MONTH!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR BRAVE MARSHAL! SO THE BOYS CAN'T TAKE A JOKE, EH? THE DARN BLACKLEGS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR!



I GUESS THEY DON'T— AND NEITHER HAS THE MAYOR AND JUDGE! I'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU THIS TIME, RINGO!

WANNA BET? SURE, I'LL COME PEACEFUL— HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'LL HOLD ME? WHEN THIS GETS TO COURT THERE'LL BE A LOT OF GUYS WITH POOR MEMORIES! LET'S GO, MARSHAL!



EARP HAS DEFINITE PROOF THAT YOU AND CURLY BILL WERE IN ON THAT KANSAS STATE BANK ROBBERY! HIS BRINGING YOU IN FOR STICKING UP THE CARD GAME IS JUST A DODGE TO HOLD YOU HERE UNTIL THE TRIAL! I SAW THE POSSE HEAD OUT FOR CHARLESTON AN HOUR AGO! CURLY BILL WON'T HAVE A CHANCE— EARP WANTS HIM DEAD OR ALIVE!

YOU'RE A LAWYER! GET MY BAIL AND GET IT QUICK! MAYBE I CAN STILL HEAD THEM OFF BEFORE THEY CAN SURPRISE CURLY BILL! I'M POSITIVE NO ONE RECOGNIZED US IN THE BANK STICK-UP! AS LONG AS WE STICK TOGETHER, WE'LL BE SAFE!



THAT WON'T BE EASY! EARP LEFT WORD WITH THE MAYOR NOT TO SIGN YOUR BOND! HE'S NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON YOU TIPPING HIS HAND!

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY AN' BLUFF THE SHERIFF! EARP AND HIM ARE ENEMIES, AND IT'S A CINCH EARP DIDN'T TELL HIM ABOUT NOT RELEASIN' ME!



EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT GOOD SECURITIES AND THEY'LL BE IN COURT TOMORROW! WITH THE BAIL FIXED, I GUESS THERE'LL BE NO NEED TO DETAIN RINGO ANY LONGER!

NO, I GUESS NOT! UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO WAIT FOR THE MAYOR'S APPROVAL OF THE BOND! HE CAN GO ANYTIME!



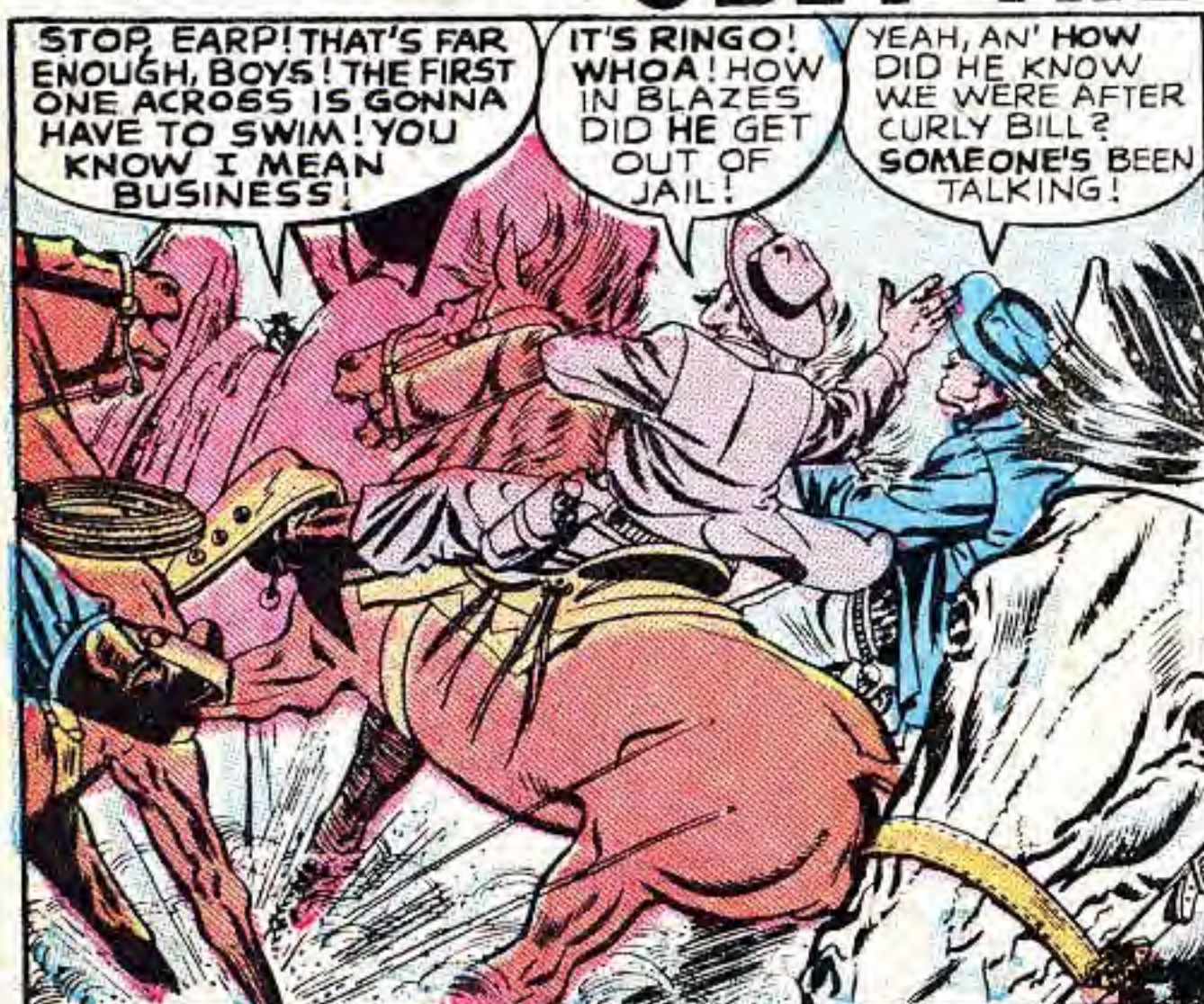
I'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR FACE, RINGO, NEVER! I'VE TRAILED YOU HALF-WAY THROUGH THE WEST, AND NOW AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU! ONE DAY I'LL GET YOU ALONE— THEN WE'LL BE SQUARE!



THAT'S THE EARP CROWD COMIN' NOW! NO CHANCE OF BEATIN' 'EM TO CHARLESTON, I'LL HAVE TO HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE BRIDGE! I'M GLAD I STOPPED TO PICK UP THIS WINCHESTER!



# OBEDY THE LAW



STOP, EARP! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, BOYS! THE FIRST ONE ACROSS IS GONNA HAVE TO SWIM! YOU KNOW I MEAN BUSINESS!

IT'S RINGO! WHOA! HOW IN BLAZES DID HE GET OUT OF JAIL!

YEAH, AN' HOW DID HE KNOW WE WERE AFTER CURLY BILL? SOMEONE'S BEEN TALKING!

AND IF RINGO IS HERE, THEN CURLY BILL MUST BE WISE! THE WHOLE PLAN'S FALLEN THROUGH!

YOU'RE RIGHT, IT LOOKS AS IF WE'VE COME AS FAR AS WE CAN THIS TIME! WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK TO TOMBSTONE AND FIND OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!

WE COULD RUSH HIM, WYATT, BUT WE'D NEVER GET ACROSS THE BRIDGE—NOT THE WAY HE SHOOT!

WE'LL SEE YOU SOME OTHER TIME RINGO! GIVE OUR REGARDS TO CURLY BILL WHEN YOU SEE HIM!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO FIND BILL!

GOOD GOIN', JOHNNY—YOU SURE STOPPED THE MARSHAL'S LITTLE NECKTIE PARTY! HE WON'T DARE TRY THAT AGAIN, BUT IF HE DOES, WE'LL SURE BE READY FOR HIM, WITH LEAD! HE'S GOT NO JURISDICTION DOWN HERE, ANYWAY! NOW TAKE A GANDER AT THE PLANS FOR OUR NEXT JOB!

AFTER I COUNT THIS MONEY! I LIKE THE WAY YOU PAY OFF FOR A KINDNESS, BILL! AND VIRGIE IS GONNA APPRECIATE IT EVEN MORE! I'M TAKIN' HER RIDIN' TO-MORROW. I MIGHT EVEN CONSIDER MAKIN' IT PERMANENT—ME AND HER!

GOODNIGHT, DARLING—DON'T FORGET TOMORROW!

I'M GLAD YOU SAID SO, RINGO—BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO RIDE TO-MORROW OR EVER!

IF I'M ABLE TO RIDE, I'LL BE THERE WITH BELLS ON, BABY—G-NIGHT!



NEITHER DID MY FATHER—REMEMBER TED BRUCE... IN TEXAS? NOW YOU CAN DIE, YOU LOUSY MURDERER! THE SAME WAY HE DID... WITHOUT A CHANCE!

NO—DON'T, ARGH!

WHOEVER DID IT, SURE CARRIED NO LOVE FOR RINGO! THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH FACE LEFT TO RECOGNIZE!

THAT SAVES THE LAW THE TROUBLE! SOONER OR LATER THEY ALL END UP THIS WAY—ONLY RINGO LASTED A LITTLE LONGER.

THE END



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# DESPERADO

3

SEPT. 1948

COVER BIRD\*

IFC SURE AS SHOOTIN' CLAUDE MOORE\* 1

"KID" CURRY FRED KIDN 11

SURE AS SHOOTIN' CLAUDE MOORE\* 1

CRAZY SAM MOORE AL BARE 9

WESTERN WACKIES ROBERT PERRY<sup>c</sup> 1

ROWDY BOB HACKETT TEXT 2

JOHNNY RINGO MIKE ROY\* & JOHN BECK\* 8